

# The Sketch.

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*[Established 1769.]*

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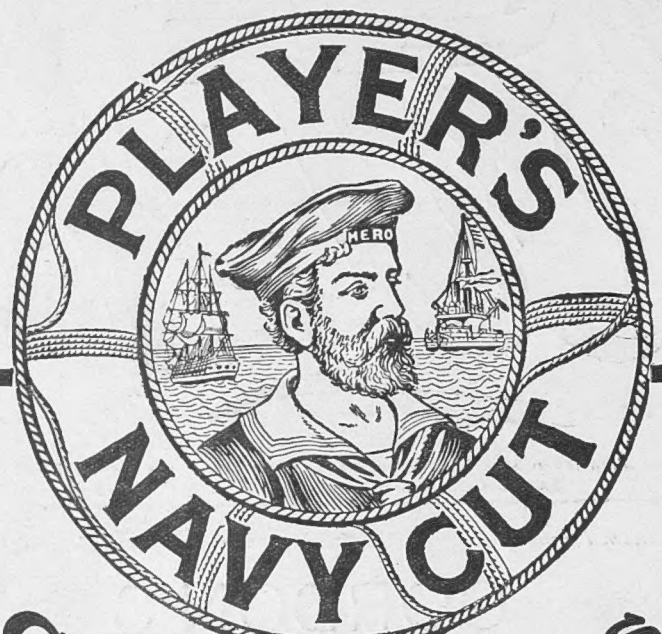
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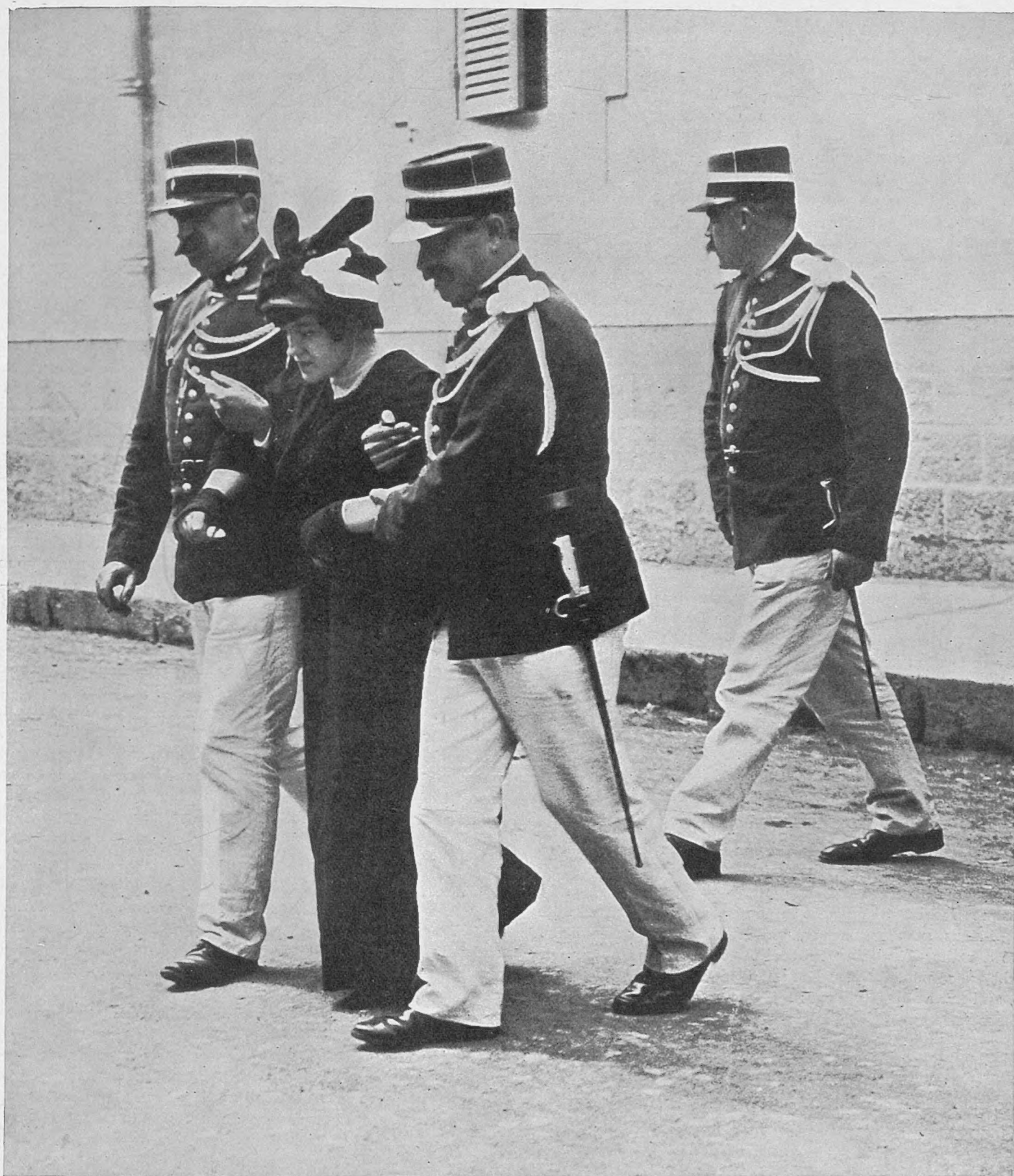
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# The Sketch

No. 1072.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



A MADAME - STEINHEIL - LIKE FIGURE : THE ACQUITTED POETESS, MADAME ALICE CRESPY, ASSISTED TO COURT BY GENDARMES DURING HER TRIAL AT AGEN.

The trial of the French poetess, Mme. Alice Crespy, on a charge of murdering her lover, the Abbé Chassaing, caused a great sensation in France on account of the position and attainments both of the victim and the accused. The tragedy took place some seven months ago, the Abbé Chassaing, a handsome young priest, being found lying dead in Mme. Crespy's house at Agen with a bullet-wound in the left temple. Her explanation was that he committed suicide while she was out of the

room, soon after a quarrel which had been made up again. He had come to say good-bye to her on his leaving Agen for another appointment. The trial began at Agen on August 5, and ended, on the 8th, in an acquittal. Mme. Crespy was born in 1872, and first met the Abbé Chassaing in the confessional, in 1909, shortly after her divorce. She is the author of books of poems entitled "La Mort des Heures" and "Le Double Parfum."—[*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

#### Letters to the Editor.

I have only one fault to find with the very earnest and well-expressed letters that appear at this time of the year, in my daily papers. They are nearly always too long. The writer of a letter to the editor of a paper generally has a point to make, but seldom more than one point. He should make this point as briefly as possible, and then end the letter. I can assure him that his contribution would be read by many more people than the letter which runs to half or the third of a column.

You may notice that I am careful to avoid the phrase, "Silly Season." That phrase has always seemed to me both unwarranted and objectionable. The letters that find their way into the columns of a first-class daily newspaper are by no means silly; they are more or less valuable contributions to a more or less serious discussion by thoughtful and educated men and women. Some of them, I am told, are written in the office, but there is no harm in that; everything must have a beginning, and if an editor waited for an interesting letter from a member of the public on a topic of general interest, he would run the risk of losing his summer attraction altogether. The topic once started, however, good letters come tumbling in, and it is quite time that the old-fashioned gibe of "Silly Season!" was allowed to drop. I am not an advocate for "free copy" all the year round, but I think it may be looked upon as a fair editorial perquisite in the month of August.

#### "The Athletic Girl."

It is rather curious that two papers—the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*—should have selected the "Athletic Girl" as the topic for discussion this year. This selection has been greatly influenced, I am sure, by the photographs of female athletes in *The Sketch* and other weekly illustrated papers. You cannot ignore a subject that is being constantly brought before you in pictures. (That is why pictorial advertisement beats "literary" advertisement all to nothing.) Week by week, we see pictures of young women playing hockey, playing golf, punting, rowing, playing tennis, driving motor-cars, swimming, aeroplaning, and hanging by their toes to horizontal bars, so that at last something stirs in our brains and we begin to perceive that young women are no longer content to sit at home and do wool-work.

Why should they be? Why shouldn't they enjoy the splendid glow that comes from hard exercise in the open air: I agree that they look hideous playing hockey, and that keenly competitive games have a rather hardening tendency. But there is no reason in the world why young women should not scull, punt, play golf, ride, swim, and fire at targets. Besides, free use of the limbs in the open air keeps people from thinking too much, both whilst they are playing the game, whatever it is, and afterwards. A few generations of athletic girls will put a natural stop to this degrading clamour for a perfectly useless vote. After a round on the links, followed by a good dinner, no girl bothers about a vote; she wants to sit in a comfortable stall or a comfortable chair and be made to laugh.

#### "Marriage on £500 a Year."

The *Daily Mail* is printing letters on the subject of "Marriage on £500 a Year." This has given an opportunity to "G. H. P.," who, in taking it, gives an opportunity to me. "The fathers and mothers of the girls of to-day," says "G. H. P.," "begin the trouble"—I do not know what trouble he means—"by spending all their incomes on themselves and saving nothing for their daughters when they reach a marriageable age. They keep motor-cars where their parents would never have dreamed of keeping a carriage, and

generally get rid of their substance on their own pleasures instead of thinking of laying by a little nest-egg for their girls. Surely a young man may legitimately expect a little regular assistance from the parents of his bride in running a household in the early struggle of married life."

In other words, the parents, having won through their own lean times, are to go on having lean times in order that the young man who has been good enough to take their daughter unto himself may not have such lean times! If I had a daughter, and "G. H. P." came to me with any such suggestion as that, I should reply in some such way as this—

"No, my dear lad. If you can afford to keep my daughter, and she is willing to marry you, run along and get married and be happy. But if you cannot afford to keep her, she is clearly not for you. She is for some other young man who can afford to keep her. For my part, I have housed her, and fed her, and clothed her, and educated her, and supplied her with pocket-money, and given her as good a time as possible for the last three-and-twenty years. If she does not marry, I am content to go on doing all these things as long as possible. If, on the other hand, she does marry, I expect her to marry completely. Why in the world I should deprive myself of a motor-car in order that you may have one, I cannot for the life of me understand."

#### One Way or the Other.

Whereupon, I suppose, "G. H. P." would go away exceeding sorrowful. Mind you, I do not expect every young man to be able to keep a wife by his own efforts. Many men—or, let us say, a few men—are quite unable to earn money. At the same time, these men may be of value to the community, and it is necessary, therefore, that they should be supported. Wives should be found for them who can free them from the necessity of earning money. It is narrow to say that every husband should support his wife. Some men must be supported. The state of affairs to which I object is that suggested by "G. H. P." There is a half-and-halfness about it which is most unsatisfactory. Let us have husbands who earn enough or husbands who earn nothing at all instead of this miserable half-and-half business that causes so much unpleasantness in peaceful-looking villas.

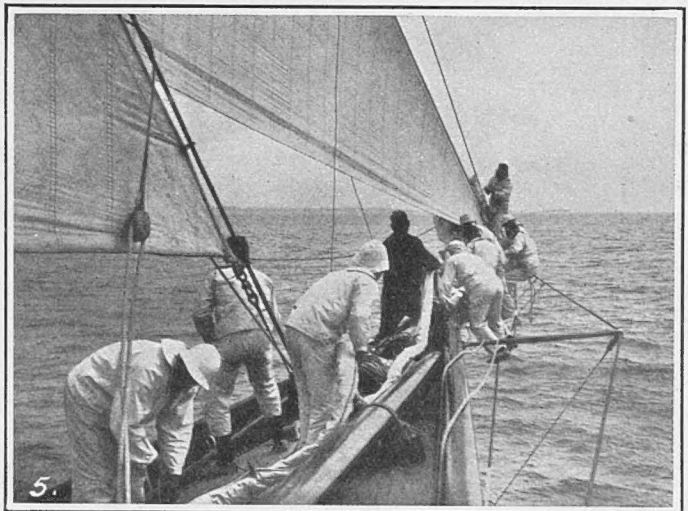
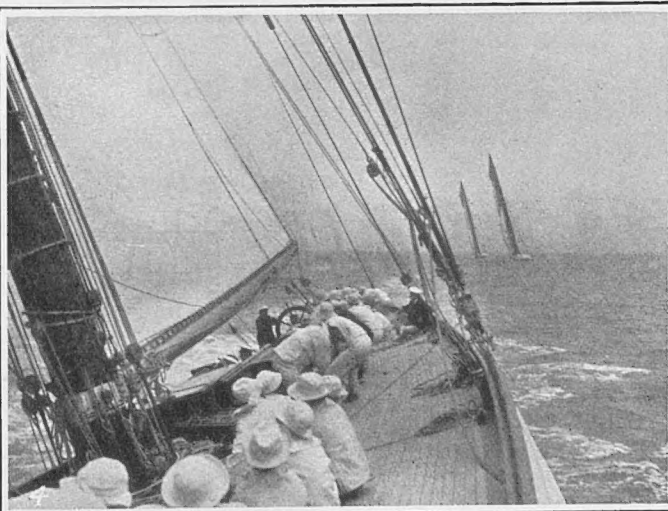
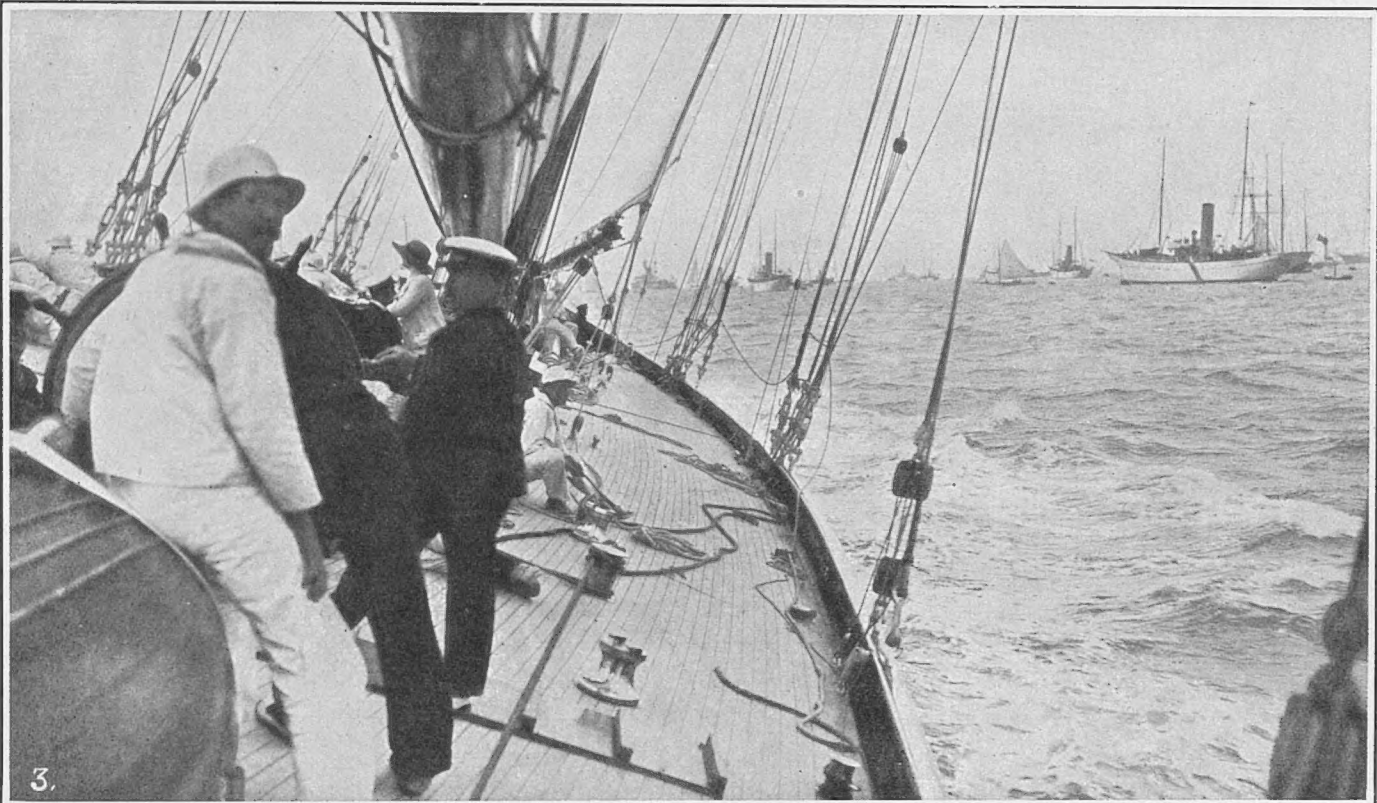
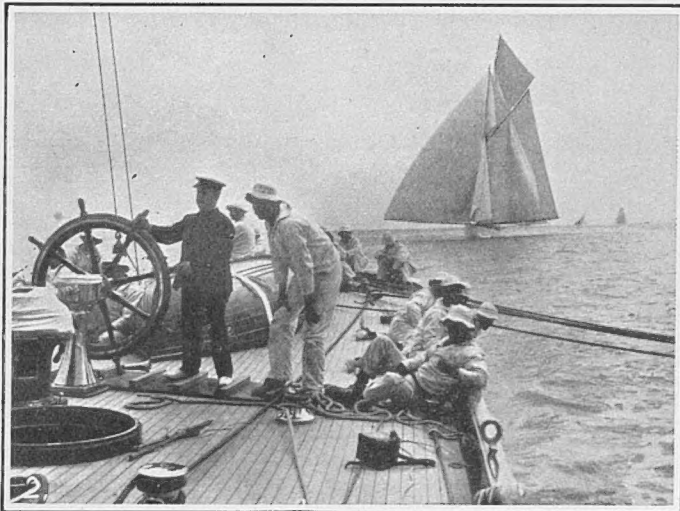
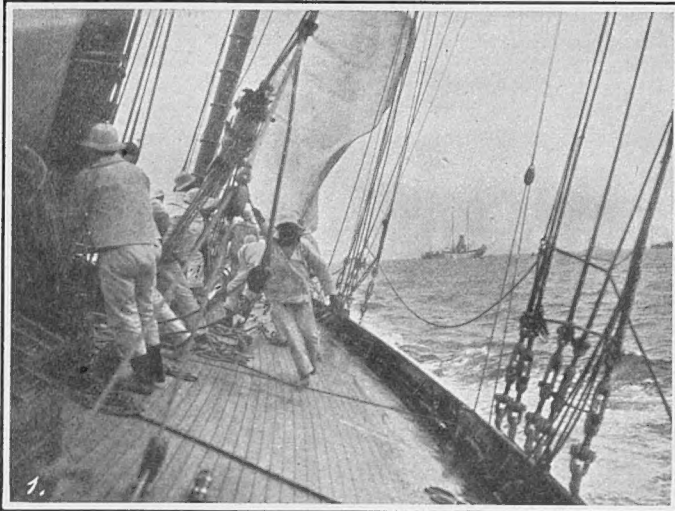
#### "Punch and Judy."

"At a meeting of Filey District Council yesterday a letter was read from Mr. Kendal, the actor, protesting against Punch and Judy shows in South Crescent Gardens in front of his house. No action was taken in the matter, as the Council has no control over the gardens, which are not public."

I am rather grieved to find that Mr. Kendal, who must have made quite a considerable fortune out of the stage, and had the great privilege of marrying one of the sweetest and most perfect actresses of her generation, does not like Punch and Judy shows in front of his house. As a student of the drama, Mr. Kendal must know that the modern theatre sprang from Punch and Judy shows, which themselves began by being morality plays, Punch being Pontius Pilate and Judy being Judas Iscariot. I can imagine nothing more delightful for the actor in retirement than to gaze from his windows at the living origin of the Art to which his life has been devoted. I have always longed to possess a Punch and Judy show of my own, but I do not know where to get the book of the play. If some kindly reader will enlighten me, I shall be hugely obliged. I cannot promise Mr. Kendal that I shall get as far North as Filey, but I should try.

Think of it—a theatre with no rent, no salaries, no royalties, no Censor, perfect acting, and an ever-appreciative audience!

## CHAMPION FLYER OF COWES: VICTORIOUS "MARGHERITA."



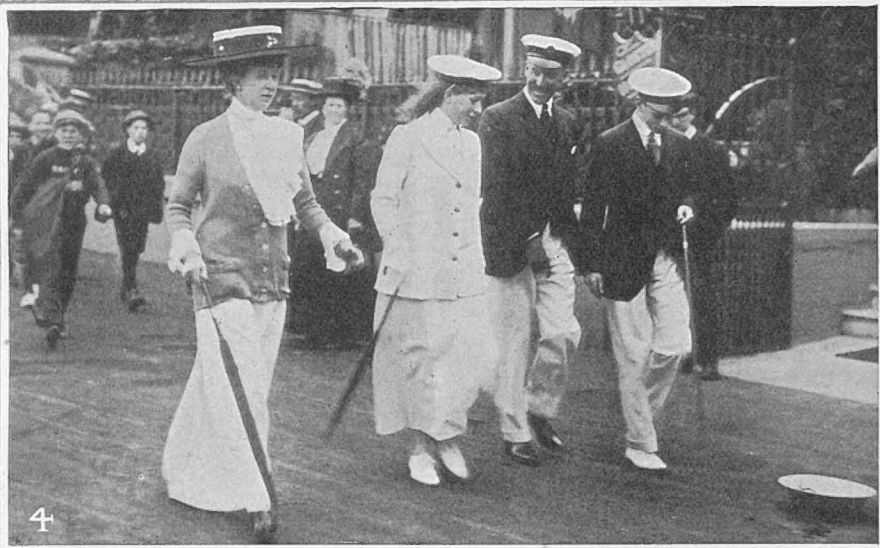
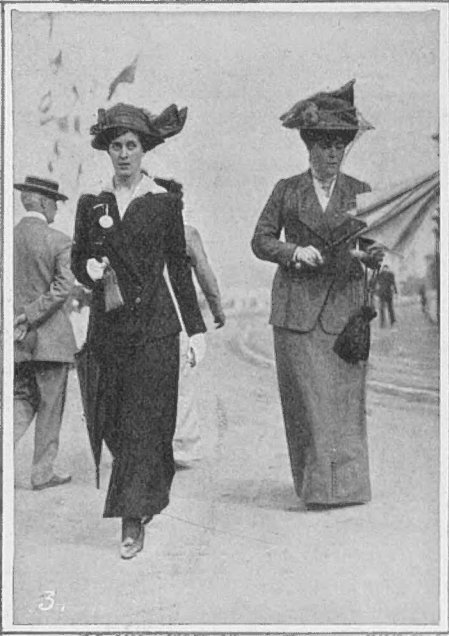
1. ON BOARD THE "MARGHERITA": LAYING OVER TO THE WIND.  
 2. ON BOARD THE "MARGHERITA": LEADING HERR KRUPP'S "GERMANIA" (SEEN WITH SPINNAKERS SET).

Mr. Cecil Whitaker's "Margherita" won a magnificent victory over the Kaiser's famous "Meteor" and Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach's redoubtable "Germania" in the schooner-class race of the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta on the first day of the Cowes Week, "Margherita" won outside her time-allocation of

- 3 and 4. ON BOARD THE "MARGHERITA": LAYING OVER TO THE WIND. (3—LOOKING FORWARD; 4—LOOKING AFT.)  
 5. ON BOARD THE "MARGHERITA": SETTING THE JIB-TOPSAIL.

1 min. 32 sec., covering the 46 miles in 4 hours 51 min. 31 sec., as compared with the "Germania's" 4 hours 54 min. 31 sec., and "Meteor's" 4 hours 57 min. 40 sec. On the 7th she again beat them, with an ample margin of time, in the race for the Cowes Town prizes.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

## SOCIETY AT COWES: NOTABILITIES OF THE "WEEK."



1. WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE EIGHTH EARL: THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE AND LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL.

2. AN AUTHORITY ON SEA POWER: MR. GIBSON BOWLES.

3. WIFE OF THE SIXTH VISCOUNT: LADY GORT, WITH MISS VEREKER.

4. A PARTY FROM THE ROYAL YACHT: THE MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL, PRINCESS MARY, CAPTAIN PHILIP HUNLOKE, AND PRINCE ALBERT WALKING IN COWES.

5. VISCOUNTESS CURZON AND THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

6. WELL KNOWN IN EASTERN WATERS: LORD REDESDALE, WITH HIS DAUGHTER.

7. THE KING'S UNCLE ON SHORE AT COWES: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON GROUNDS.

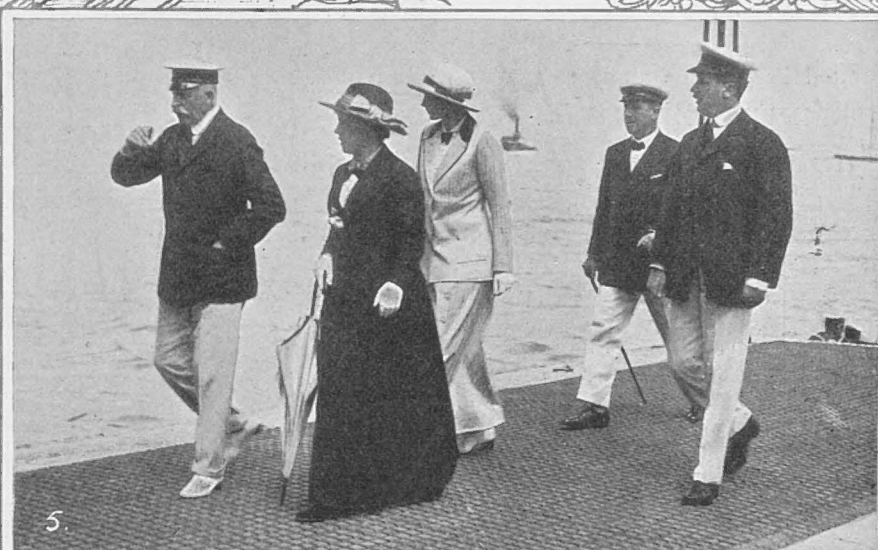
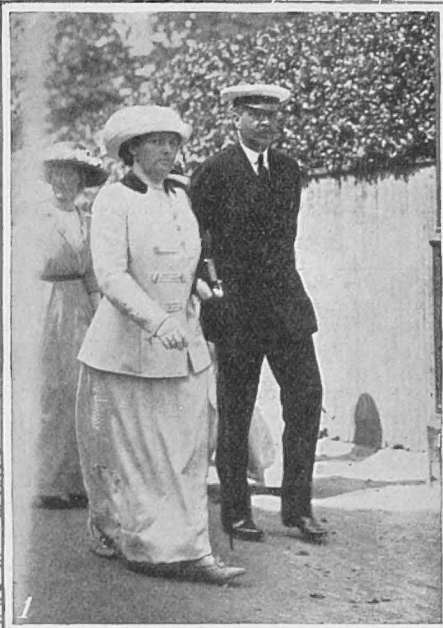
8. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE.

The members of the royal party were seen about in Cowes a good deal during the Regatta Week, making various shopping expeditions on foot.—The Earl of Albemarle married, in 1881, Lady Gertrude Egerton, only child of the first Earl Egerton of Tatton.—Viscountess Gort, whose marriage took place in 1911, was Miss Corinna Vereker, and is a daughter of Mr. George Medlicott Vereker.—Lord Redesdale, who

is the first Baron, was raised to the Peerage in 1902. As Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford he had a distinguished career in the Diplomatic Service, and accompanied the Garter Mission to Tokio in 1906.—Mr. Gibson Bowles, formerly M.P. for King's Lynn, has written several books on naval matters, including "Sea Law and Sea Power," published in 1910.

Photographs by Topical, Sport and General, Newspaper Illustrations, and L.N.A.

## SOCIETY AT COWES: NOTABILITIES OF THE "WEEK."



1. DAUGHTER OF THE COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.
2. IN COMMAND OF THE KING'S YACHT: CAPTAIN PHILIP HUNLOKE, OF THE "BRITANNIA."
3. THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR: COUNT ALBERT MENSDOERFF, WITH THE HON. LADY HERBERT, WIDOW OF THE LATE SIR MICHAEL HERBERT.
4. WIFE OF THE SEVENTH EARL: THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

The Marquess of Ormonde, who is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, married, in 1876, Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. Lady Constance Butler is the younger of their two daughters. The Vice-Commodore of the R.Y.S. is the Duke of Leeds, who is an Honorary Commander

5. ROYALTY AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON LANDING-STAGE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, AND PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.
6. THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE LEAVING THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON GROUNDS.
7. TWO WELL-KNOWN FOREIGN FRIENDS OF THEIR MAJESTIES: THE MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL AND THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL.
8. THE VICE-COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: THE DUKE OF LEEDS, in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.—Count Albert Mensdorff has been Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to this country since 1904.—Countess Fitzwilliam married the seventh Earl in 1896. She is a daughter of the first Marquess of Zetland, and was known before her marriage as Lady Maud Dundas.

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THE GREAT SPECTACLE "NAVAL AND AERIAL WARFARE"  
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## CHINA

## TEA

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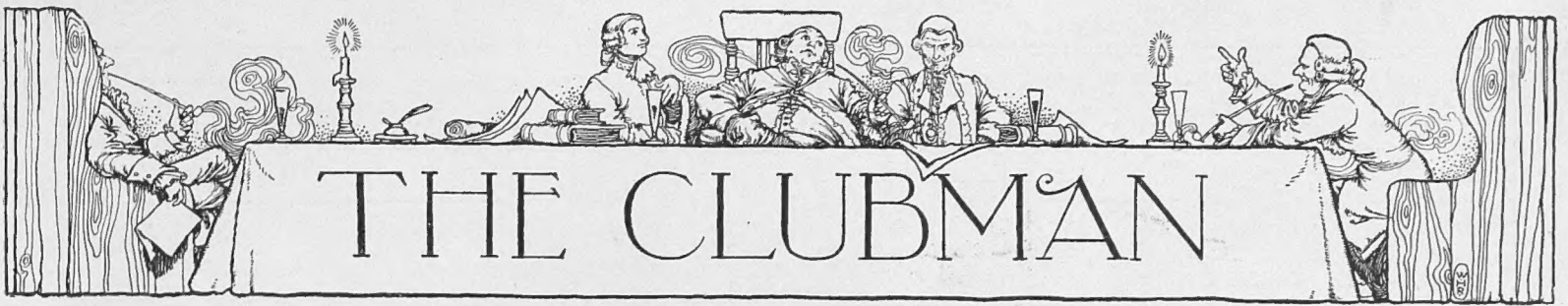
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DEAUVILLE v. MARGATE : THE TEST OF VULGARITY : SINGERS—OPERA STARS AND SOME OTHERS.

**A Contrast.**

In the course of the past week I have spent three days at Deauville, the most fashionable seaside town in France, and the one at which it costs more money to live for a day during its season than at any other, and thrice as much

as at Margate, cheap, Cockney, the target for the jokes of funny men in print and on the stage since early Victorian days; yet I am not at all sure that aristocratic Deauville is not intrinsically more vulgar than Margate is. Deauville makes a bid to attract the multi-millionaires of the world by charging prices that Monte Carlo alone equals; and that type of American and Argentine that becomes a person of importance when worth is judged by weight of money-bags answers gladly to the call—pays record prices for dinners, gives his daughters hats at double the Paris prices, and pays as much, or more, for his rooms there as he does in the most expensive hotel in New York.



SUGGESTED BY A BALKAN WAR PICTURE?  
A SNAPSHOT IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN.

The two young women seen above are wearing a very well-designed imitation of the real Turkish "yashmak," or white face-covering, without which no Turkish woman with a character to lose dare venture outside her own door. The idea, as is shown in our second illustration on this page, originated in America. How far it is likely to "catch on" in the Kaiser's capital is another thing, with regard to which developments must be awaited.

Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.

cut, made by fashionable tailors, and ride thoroughbred horses in the streets of Deauville, by calling attention to themselves in this manner are doing a far more vulgar thing than Jane the cook and Mary the housemaid do when, at Margate, for their own pleasure, they go for a ride along the sands from the harbour to the Nayland Rock. I saw a fat pork-packer—at least, that is what he looked to be—at Deauville presiding at a dinner-party which must have cost him at least £5 a head, and the spectacle of gluttony banked up with roses hurt my sense of good taste a great deal more than did a peep into the dining-room of a little Margate lodging-house at tea-time with the sight of a gathering of typical Cockneys eating shrimps and watercress, the landlady in rusty black silk and gold-rimmed spectacles presiding at the head of the table.

**Seaside Athletes.**

On a stretch of grass between the Normandy Hotel at Deauville and the sands is an outdoor gymnasium, and here, in the morning, bare-headed ladies and children in white flannel swarm up the ropes and circle the bars, and young men throw round-shot prodigious distances. Just because I was at Deauville, I took it for granted that these athletes must belong to the aristocracy of France, and my line of thought ran in the channel that the regeneration of France is coming through the new-found passion of her young generation amongst the upper

classes for athleticism. At Margate, on the other hand, when I saw young men in pleated jackets engaged in a "putting" competition on the sands, with hooked canes and a lawn-tennis ball, I at once found myself mentally sneering at them as shop-boys "showing off." Yet for all I know the young athletes at Deauville may have come from behind the counters of the drapers' shops, and the lads who practised "putts" and "drives" on the Margate sands may have had all the blue blood of the Howards or De Veres in their veins. Which shows that even a crusted old Clubman, who has seen many men in many countries, is apt to judge humanity chiefly by its surroundings.

**Some Singers.**

At Deauville some of the greatest singers in the world are this month appearing in opera: Chaliapine is singing there (in Italian), and Carpi and Sammarco. Mlle. Mary Garden and Marcoux head a French cast; and Milles. Zambelli, Lydia Kyasht, Aida Boni, and Trouhanowa are some of the *premières danseuses* who appear in ballet; but, as a counterpoise, I heard Tetrassini sing at the Winter Garden in Margate; Albani is to appear at a concert there on Aug. 14; and at the Theatre Royal I saw an excellent performance by a London comedy company on tour. So that even in amusements Deauville does not entirely have its own way against Margate. And at Margate I heard singing that I am sure Deauville could not parallel. It was on Sunday evening after sunset, when the land was all dark, but the afterglow was still in the sky. The couples who had walked out over the cliffs towards Westgate were coming home, and other little groups of threes and fours and half-dozens were moving up and down the sea-front, and they were all singing quietly—singing out of pure contentment. Just by the Westbrook pavilion a group, sitting in the chairs, were singing part-songs *pianissimo*. It was too dark to see who any of the singers were, and the songs may have been those of the "halls," but the effect of the whispered music everywhere in the darkness was really beautiful.



IN AMERICA THEY CALL IT THE "NOSE-VEIL": TWO  
NEWPORT LADIES WHO SET THE FASHION.

Mrs. Goady Loew and Mrs. French Vanderbilt, the two Newport Society leaders shown here, apparently taking the cue from some Balkan War picture they had seen, appeared in the streets one day lately with a "nose-veil," a coloured version of the yashmak, or veil, Turkish women wear out of doors. Mrs. French Vanderbilt came out with it first, and immediately all Newport Society went crazy over the idea, which is now all the rage among fashionable folk.

Photograph by the International News Service.

and the songs may have been those of the "halls," but the effect of the whispered music everywhere in the darkness was really beautiful.

## NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: PERSONALITIES AND THE CAMERA.



THE FAMOUS AIRMAN KILLED AT ALDERSHOT LAST WEEK: THE LATE MR. S. F. CODY WITH TWO OF HIS SONS AND HIS DAUGHTER.



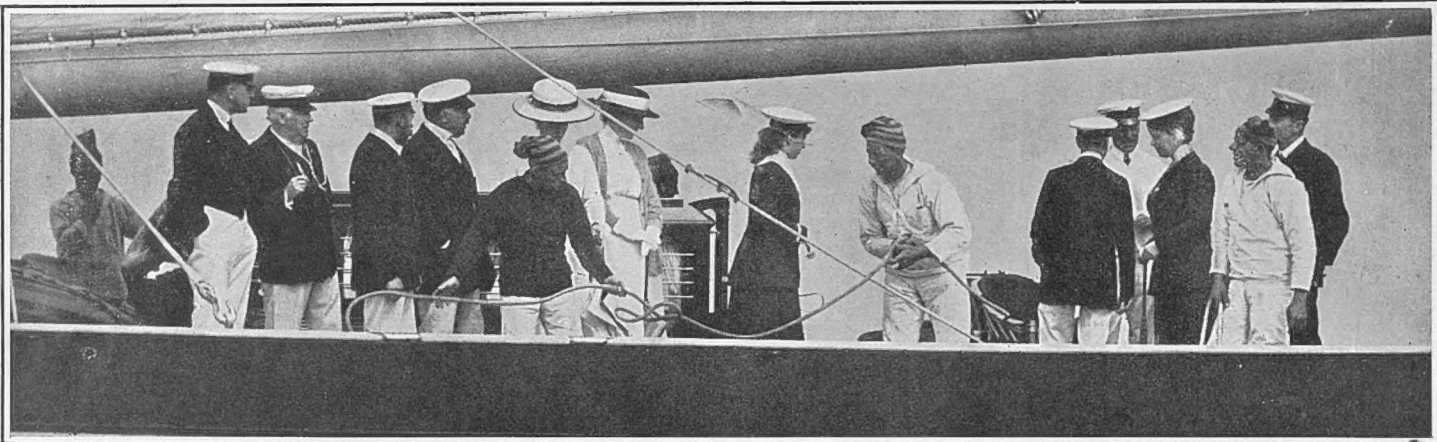
THE OXFORD CRICKET AND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL BLUE KILLED WHILE FLYING AS A PASSENGER WITH MR. CODY: THE LATE MR. W. H. B. EVANS.



THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF BRITISH AIRMEN: THE LATE MR. CODY WITH THE FLOWING HAIR HE WORE IN HIS WILD-WEST SHOWMAN DAYS.

Mr. S. F. Cody, the well-known and popular airman, was killed at Aldershot on August 7 while flying in his new 100-h.p. water-plane in which he was to have competed in the race round the coasts of Great Britain. Mr. Cody was born in Texas in 1861, and was naturalised as a British subject a few years ago. Only a week ago he attended the wedding of his son Vivian. His other sons are Mr. Leon Cody and Mr. Frank Cody. Mr. W. H. B. Evans, who was killed with Mr. Cody, was a brilliant cricketer. He played for Oxford against Cambridge four times, and several times for Gentlemen versus Players. At Oxford he also got his blue for "Soccer."

*Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, L.N.A., and Farrington Photo. Company.*



THE VICTORIOUS ROYAL YACHTSMAN ON BOARD HIS YACHT AT COWES: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR PARTY ON THE "BRITANNIA." The King's yacht "Britannia"—reappearing as a racer after fourteen years—won the handicap for yachts exceeding 75 tons on the first day at Cowes, and on August 7 she carried off the Satanita Cup. The royal party were on board on each occasion during the race. Among the figures in the photograph may be seen, from left to right, Lord Charles Beresford, the King, the Marquis de Soveral, Princess Mary, Prince Albert (with back to the camera), and the Queen.

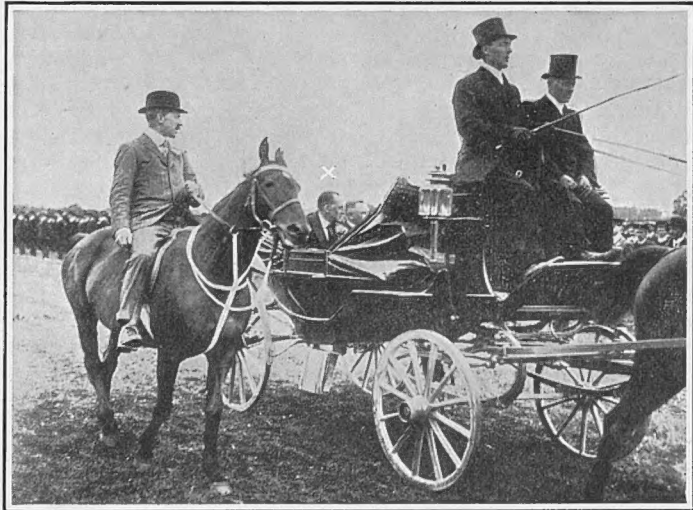
*Photograph by C.N.*



"KING" CARSON REVIEWS HIS TROOPS: SIR EDWARD CARSON INSPECTING VOLUNTEERS AT OMAGH, ULSTER.

Mr. Birrell was asked the other day in the House whether he intended to issue a warrant for the arrest of Sir Edward Carson; and Mr. Horner, Unionist Member for S. Tyrone, suggested that it was the duty of the Government to arrest him, if, as alleged, his speeches were treasonable and he was inciting to rebellion. Mr. Dillon then asked whether the Secretary for Ireland had not abundant evidence that Sir Edward Carson was exceedingly anxious to be arrested.

*Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.*



ANXIOUS TO BE ARRESTED? "KING" CARSON (X) MAKING A ROYAL PROGRESS AT OMAGH.

## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. J. C. WHITE—FOR BOWLING HIS WAY INTO FAME THIS CRICKET SEASON.



MR. G. CECIL WHITAKER—FOR OWNING A YACHT, THE "MARGHERITA," THAT HAS AT LAST SUCCEEDED IN BEATING THE GERMAN COMPETITORS.



SIR DAVID BRUCE—FOR HAVING THE COURAGE TO SUGGEST IN THIS SPORTING COUNTRY ABOLISHING GAME.

Among several brilliant young cricketers who have "arrived" this season is Mr. J. C. White, the Somerset amateur, who is near the top of the first-class bowling averages.—Mr. Cecil Whitaker's victories at Cowes with his new yacht "Margherita" have been the talk of this year's Regatta. She twice beat the famous German yachts, "Meteor" and "Germania."—Surgeon-General Sir David Bruce, who is chief of the Sleeping-Sickness Commission sent to Central Africa, recently returned to England. The Commission found that half the wild animals shot in a given area were infected with the disease, and thinks they should be treated as mad dogs and destroyed.

*Photographs by Hawkins, Sport and General, and Elliott and Fry.*



MME. PAVLOVA—FOR PROVIDING A SCENE WITH NOVIKOFF ALMOST EQUAL TO THAT WITH MORDKIN.



MR. SOL JOEL—FOR BEING PLUCKY ENOUGH TO RE-NAME HIS YACHT DESPITE THE HALFPENNY PRESS.



MR. WEDGWOOD BENN—FOR DENYING MIRACLES IN THE POOL OF SILOAM AT WESTMINSTER.



MLLE. POLAIRE—FOR RE-INTRODUCING THE NOSE-RING AS AN ORNAMENT FOR WOMEN.

Dancing the Adagio with M. Novikoff at the Palace Theatre the other night Mme. Pavlova appeared to strike him on the shoulder, and he suddenly left the stage. She afterwards explained that she accidentally collided with him.—Since the marriage of his daughter Doris to Mr. Arthur Walter, of which he disapproved, Mr. Sol Joel has changed the name of his steam-yacht "Doris" to that of his other daughter, "Eileen."—In proposing increased bath-room accommodation at the House of Commons, Mr. Swift MacNeill mentioned one occasion when there were five Members in one bath-room, and asked whether such a scene had been known since that at the Pool of Siloam. Mr. Wedgwood Benn said: "The facts may be as the Hon. and learned Member suggests, but in this case no miracle followed."—Mlle. Polaire is to re-introduce the nose-ring fashion, on the stage, in her coming tour in the States. The nose will not be pierced.—[Photographs by Bert, Bassano, and Moyse and Lakes.]



PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT — FOR HAVING THE UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE OF ADDRESSING 7400 DOCTORS.



C. P. MEAD—FOR MAKING OVER 2000 RUNS FOR HAMPSHIRE THIS SEASON.



PRINCE ALBERT—FOR BUYING A "LLOYD - GEORGE THIRTY - SHILLING BABY."



THE BROTHERS DENTON—FOR BEING TWIN TOWERS OF STRENGTH TO NORTHANTS—AND TO W. H. FOR MAKING 230 NOT OUT.

Prince Arthur of Connaught opened the International Congress of Medicine at the Albert Hall on August 6, and welcomed, in the King's name, the 7400 doctors who were present.—During the match between Hampshire and Somerset at Taunton the other day, Mead, the Hampshire professional, brought his total of runs for this season above 2000. He made 97 in the second innings.—During one of their shopping expeditions in Cowes the other day Prince Albert and Princess Mary passed a street hawker selling twopenny toys of the collapsible-pig variety, and loudly announcing his wares as "Lloyd-George's thirty-shilling babies." The Prince bought one.—Messrs. W. H. Denton and J. S. Denton, who play for Northants, are twins. Against Essex at Leyton W. H. made 230 not out, the highest score ever made for his county.

*Photographs by the Farringdon Photo. Co., Sport and General, and C.N.*



### THE STRANGERS THAT ARE WITHIN OUR GATES.

#### The Blue Board Season.

Some people think that August in London is dull. The dramatic critic does not: he thanks heaven that there are hardly any first nights, that the traditional blue boards decorate most theatres, and that he can get to bed before the cock crows—lucky dog!—and when he walks about the streets there is abundant matter for copy. The journalist's life represents a constant struggle for subject-matter: if he traffics in news, he wants things to be happening continuously—wars, earthquakes, swagger divorce cases, and other catastrophes, and prays earnestly that they may not waste themselves by being simultaneous. If he belongs to the other—may I call it the higher?—class, and deals with what he flatters himself are ideas and opinions (second-hand, of course, when as good as that), he is always on the hunt for topics. What better subject than London in August and its Visitors? The West Central district is the best hunting-ground: Bloomsbury is full of them. If you were to make a good drive down Great Russell Street, your flying "re-paint"—for most journalists cannot afford new balls—would soon be arrested reluctantly by somebody who in any other tongue than the true London would inquire more or less energetically the name of your solicitor, not out of mere vulgar curiosity, but with a view of presenting through him an invitation, couched in polite language from George V., which would be attested by "Richard Burdon, Viscount Haldane of Cloan." You may be addressed in fiercely guttural German; the comparatively suave French of the North, or ferocious Gallic of the Midi; the clattering Italian which does not suggest the *lingua Toscana*; the mellifluous, if strongly marked, American of the Southern States, or more strident tones of the conquering Easterners; or, again, the rather puzzling half-way house of the Canadian, the somewhat Cockney style of the Australian—from which, I fancy, the New Zealander is free; or the angry words may proceed from the *tutti-frutti* of smaller nationalities. The English of the Russian's complaint will probably be better than your own, since Russia is a nation of Mezzofantis.

The American Hustlers. Dear old Bloomsbury, how full of strangers it is! As a Bloomsburian, I feel in the minority, and they tell me that in Upper Bedford Place there is a boarding-house—which, of course, calls itself a Private Hotel—outside which is the plaintive legend "English spoken here." I think we are more crowded by our cousins from across the Atlantic than by any other group of visitors. They are recognisable from a distance, the men having rather a Noah's Ark look. You can hear them from very far off; their remarks are generally disparaging to us. When they walk their movements are slow. Yet they are indefatigable and amazing sightseers: they see more—and less—than any of the others. By accident, riding on a 'bus, to save

wear and tear of boots, I overheard an American programme: "To-morrow," said the lady who bossed the party, "we can do the Cleopatra Needle and Westminster Abbey and Scotland Yard and the Houses of Parliament and St. Margaret's and the statue of Boadicea and Westminster School and the Army and Navy Stores in the morning, and if there is any time over we can have a look at Downing Street and St. James's Park and Whitehall; and in the afternoon we might go West: there is Hyde Park and the Albert Memorial (we can't miss that), and the Albert Hall and the South Kensington Museum, and the Natural History Museum and the Palace of South Kensington and the Brompton Oratory, which I am told is fine; that will do till tea-time, when I want to do some shopping, and after tea . . ."—at this moment I fell off the 'bus, so I do not know the rest of their programme, but I have no doubt they carried out the whole of it.

#### The True Sightseer.

I do just love our American visitors. During the last twenty-four years, I have been on an average two hundred and twenty times per annum to the Temple, but I never really knew anything about it till the other day, when two young ladies, "perfect peaches" of the Delaware variety, and their rather formidable mother and a tame-looking old gentleman—probably a millionaire—asked me how they could get into the Temple Church, after which they showed me round the whole Temple, Inner and Middle, and I learnt lots of things that I never knew before. The humour was, Poppa and Mumma took me to be a guide, and Poppa was, I believe, going to present me with as much money as I earn in three years. Unfortunately, one of the "peaches," out of a quite mistaken sense of kindness, mentioned, in a stage whisper that could be heard on

the Embankment, that she understood I was a barrister, and so they all thanked me very gracefully, and invited me to come to tea at the Ritz, and to stay with them as long as I liked at some place in the States which it would not be discreet to mention. Really, the Temple is a very interesting place when you come to know it, and, as one of the co-owners, I feel very proud of it. The Continentals you can recognise at once, unless they are Parisians, because they take off their hats when they ask the way to the Mansion House, which, apparently, they regard as the abode of a

mysterious entity that annually enters into keen and successful rivalry with King George V. Yet, in my humble opinion, the Mansion House "ain't really big beans," to use a phrase I caught; indeed, wild policemen would not drag me to see it—I hope they never will. The *tutti-frutti* have their points of interest. One meets quaint waifs and strays from lands which one has always regarded as the invention of the geographers. I was once asked the way to Ely Place by a person who told me that he came from the Republic of Andorra.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



"WE WANT REMBRANDT, SONNY, QUICK!" AN UNAVAILING ATTEMPT TO INFUSE A SPIRIT OF TRANSATLANTIC HUSTLE INTO A CUSTODIAN OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

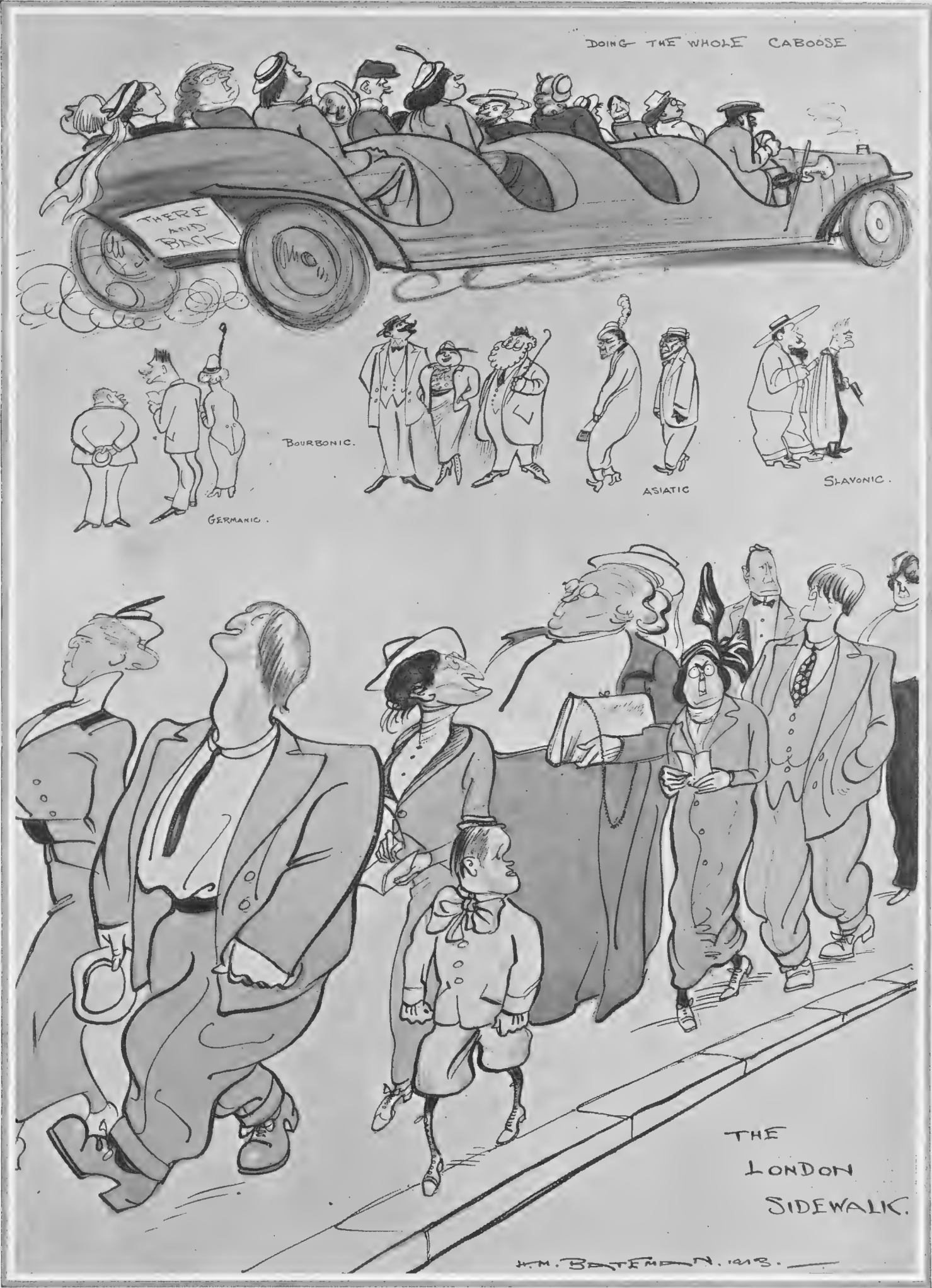
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE PERIPATETIC SCHOOL OF ART CRITICISM: A PARTY OF FOREIGNERS DOING THE NATIONAL GALLERY WITH A GUIDE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: LONDON'S FOREIGN SEASON.



THE AUGUST INVASION OF LONDON: BATEMAN CARICATURES.

At this time of the year it is rather uncommon to meet any English people in London. The streets of the Metropolis are filled with a heterogeneous crowd of sightseers from all parts of the globe, especially the United States and the Continent of Europe, not to mention a few enterprising Asiatics. Our Artist, in giving his impressions of our cosmopolitan visitors, has slightly accentuated, perhaps, their little peculiarities.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## LORD DUNRAVEN.

LORD DUNRAVEN need never run another boat, nor win another race; he is, and must remain, one of the most interesting of yachtsmen. His true fame rests on a life-long study of the sea; but he is best known for the race he neither sailed nor won—the race for the America Cup from which he withdrew. Twice he built a yacht fit, as he thought, to win the Cup. The result, a bitter dispute with the whole sporting world of America, made a sorry ending to a great enterprise. But it revealed a yachtsman who was serious. If he himself came in for the accusation that he had not quite played the game, it was only because he did not regard it merely as a game.

**Loss and Gain.** The Committee of the New York Yacht Club appointed to inquire into Lord Dunraven's charges as to the fraudulent ballasting of the American defender consisted of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Whitney, and other important persons. Mr. Choate helped to conduct the case; it was made a point of national honour. That Lord Dunraven, who returned to the States to be examined, had little evidence with which to support his charges aggravated the American grievance; but that he formulated his charges without much evidence, save that of his own impressions, showed the unusual character of the man. Good sportsmen, in the accepted reading of the phrase, are good losers. They are such good losers that they become almost eager for the opportunity of having their sportsmanship put to the test, and exhibited. Sir Thomas Lipton gained, on the strength of taking a handsome beating handsomely, and inviting another, a vast reputation as a "good fellow" and a fair man. No win would have brought him such favour. Lord Dunraven, on the other hand, threw the golden opportunity away. When he lost, he lost everything.

**The Navigator in Earnest.** The difference between Lord Dunraven and the crowd at Cowes is that he knows a great deal about the sailing of a boat. He is none of your specially rigged-out regatta sailors, with a smattering of knowledge and much assurance. There is solid foundation to his experience; he is a navigator. Among the many things taught him by his father, astronomy played a great part. From the astronomy on which he was brought up he turned to the study of navigation in all its aspects. "To sit in a comfortable chair in a warm and cosy room and leisurely work out abstract calculations from imaginary observations is one thing; to take real observations on a wet, slippery, and tumbling deck, and work them out in a dimly lit cabin full of confusion and noise, with little time to spare, is

another," he says, out of his own experience. The layman has but to recall Captain Nares' grim visits to his cabin during the storm so wonderfully described in "The Wreckers," to know the scanty ways and means that serve the turn of the real sailorman. Lord Dunraven's great two-volume book on navigation is not handy enough for a crisis, but it has helped many a sailor in the making.

**"Robbin' Adare."** Lord Dunraven began life early. After wandering round the Irish coast learning the stars, and studying spiritualism with his father, he was switched off into the "Towny" life of a Guardsman. It was he who prepared minute reports of *séances* with Daniel Home, the medium; and it was he who broke the tedium of living up to the reputation of being a man-about-town by going to Abyssinia as a special correspondent, and following the Franco-German War with a reporter's pencil behind his ear. The *Daily Telegraph* office was his headquarters, and he has, perhaps, never quite thrown off the manner of writing judged to be most acceptable to his editor of the 'seventies. His "light touch" is the only heavy thing about him. But he was not content with the ponderous humour of Press-work and book-making. Besides interesting himself in a short-lived weekly paper, he gave a helping hand (while he was still Lord Adare) in the running of a theatre. There were tales of lavish cheques; so that when he told a friend that his manager was persuading him to produce a new Scotch opera the reply was: "Then see that it is called 'Robbin' Adare'!"

**Violence and the Violets.** "I have never had an adventure worth a cent," he complained, after his first travels in America. "Nobody scalps me; it never occurs to a bear to hug me." But his book, "The Great Divide," gives the account of many small experiences that were, up to a point, exhilarating—as when he lost himself on a creek of the Green River, shot a squirrel for supper, accepted the chances of an unknown tomorrow, and slept. In the

House of Lords he has encountered, and perhaps given, many opportunities of doing the same thing. But if he, as a "moderate man" in politics, takes an unnatural joy in the pottering methods of the Lords, he can claim to have played a sufficiently exciting part in the world outside. He did contrive, in the end, to be scalped and hugged, in animosity, in America. Nor is his fate wholly divided between pottering politics and contentious sport: there was always Lady Dunraven's violet-farm in Ireland for a retreat.



SOLDIER, YACHTSMAN, LANDOWNER, AND EX-WAR-CORRESPONDENT:  
THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

Lord Dunraven, who is the only son of the third Earl, was born in 1841, and succeeded his father in 1871. After leaving Oxford, he joined the 1st Life Guards, and later acted as war-correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" in Abyssinia in 1867, also in the Franco-German War. He has since been, among other things, Under-Secretary for the Colonies and Chairman of the Irish Land Conference. He served in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry. Lord Dunraven is, of course, famous as a yachtsman, and has been racing this year at Cowes with his "Cariad II."

Photograph by Kirk.

## THE TURF IN FRANCE: DEAUVILLE'S NEW GRAND STAND.

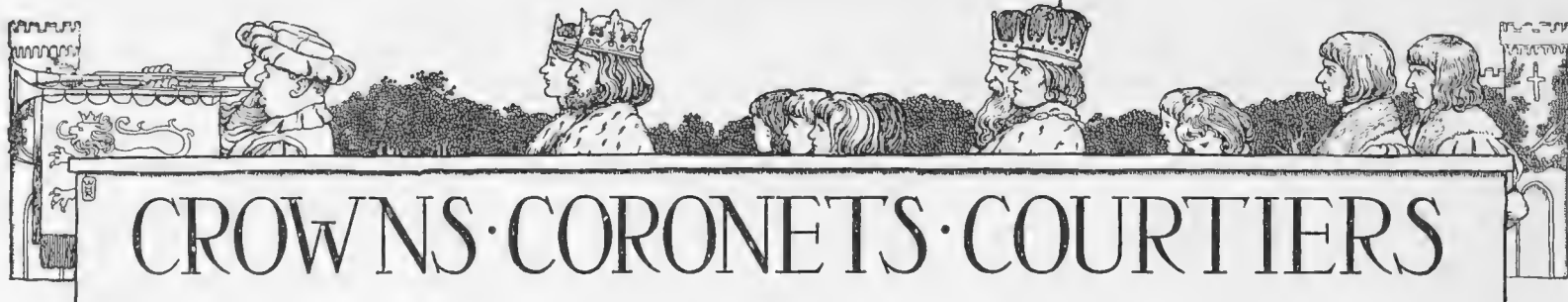


1. ONE OF THE MOST LUXURIOUS IN FRANCE: THE ROYAL HOTEL, DEAUVILLE.
3. NOTED FOR A FIRST-RATE CUISINE: THE RESTAURANT OF THE ROYAL HOTEL.
5. ONE OF THE IMPROVEMENTS AT DEAUVILLE RACECOURSE: THE NEW WEIGHING-IN ROOM.

2. A HAUNT OF MODERN PEACE: THE GARDEN AT THE BACK OF THE ROYAL HOTEL.
4. A TEMPLE OF THE TURF AT DEAUVILLE: THE BACK OF THE NEW GRAND STAND.
6. A RACECOURSE THAT HAS JUST KEPT ITS JUBILEE: THE NEW GRAND STAND AT DEAUVILLE.

As mentioned in our issue of July 30, Deauville is this year celebrating the jubilee of its famous racecourse. The celebrations began on August 2, when the new tribunes were inaugurated and the straight mile was used for the first time. These improvements have been made to commemorate the occasion. Deauville is, of course, in great favour with fashionable holiday-makers, and is provided with the best hotel accommodation.

The new Hotel Royal, for instance, is one of the most luxurious of modern hostleries, and can hold five hundred guests. It stands on the front overlooking the sea, and is surrounded with beautiful gardens. Yachting as well as racing can be enjoyed at Deauville, and many yachtsmen are in the habit of going over there after the Cowes Week for recreation rather more free and easy.—[Photographs by A. Basley.]



## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King's habit of early rising affords his Majesty some hours of privacy, even in Cowes Week. Nobody lies abed very long on board a yacht, but the King has every day been on deck long before the bay was, as a whole, quite awake. His Majesty's bathing, although it did at last get into the papers, took place before any inquisitive small craft had put out from shore, and before the film-maker had got the sleep from his eyes. If his Majesty is early in the Row, he is earlier still in the Solent. To anybody accustomed to the sea and habits of sailing, ordinary town hours seem always much too leisurely; and to the King (with Prince Albert at his elbow) the eight o'clock breakfast, with prawns and a yawn, of the yachtsman and woman straight from town is not immensely impressive.

*Cowes and Character.* The Cowes crowd has a character of its own, if only for the time being. The "racy" element from Goodwood is transformed by the time it gets to the sea; or is swallowed up in a predominant class that is not "racy." In the first place, the King looks the sailor; in the second, Prince Henry of Prussia looks the sailor. Lord Charles Beresford resumes the aspect of Admiralty; Lady Meux, resigning herself to sunburn and spray, is obviously wedded to the sea. From the Duke of Leeds, most nautical of his class, to the Marquis de Soveral, the Londoner of Londoners, everybody seems suitable (in something further than the matter of suits) to the occasion. Cowes means more than a change of air and clothes; it invades the spirit.

### "The Admiral."

Lord Redesdale, who has learned about bamboo boats in Japan, and paddled his own canoe on many strange rivers, was a prominent figure on the Squadron platform. He, too, becomes typical of Cowes during the Week. The putting-away, when he gets into ducks, of his Foreign Orders and a certain Diplomatic picturesqueness that distinguishes him in Courts and drawing-rooms, leaves him a complete yachtsman. Even the military figure bows to the

commands of the Regatta. Colonel Benson proves himself an extraordinarily wise judge of wind and weather, and the merits of the boats and their crews, while Lord Dundonald, without being conscious of rolling round on sea-legs, was persistently addressed as "Admiral" by the captain of the launch that carried him to and fro.

*Prevention, Then Cure.* Lady Randolph Churchill once more sailed about the lawns of the Royal Yacht Squadron under the most familiar of her names. Mrs. Patrick de Bathe, Lady Drogheda, Mrs. George Coats, Mrs. Lionel Walrond, Lady Douro, and Lady Curzon all faced the assaults of sun and wind, and the attendant problems which no sunshade quite suffices to solve, since neck and shoulders, owing to new fashions, must be protected against sunburn. Nearly every dressing-bag, it seems, had been supplied with a new preparation that claimed to shield the skin. But its efficacy was probably somewhat in question, for every dressing-bag that contained an "infallible prevention" had also, in some corner, an "infallible cure." And despite both of these, there were crimson necks in the crowd.

*Sir Edgar Speyer's Versatility.* Sir Edgar and Lady Speyer

have been keeping open house for the doctors. No. 46, Grosvenor Street has, in its time, been

the headquarters of everything and anything, just as Sir Edgar himself has been, more or less, anything and everything, from



ENGAGED TO THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST: THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON.

The Hon. Harold George Nicolson, whose engagement to the Hon. Victoria Mary Sackville-West, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Sackville, is announced, is the third son of Sir Arthur Nicolson, P.C., Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Harold Nicolson is in the Diplomatic Service.

Photograph by L.N.A.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON: THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST.

The Hon. Victoria Mary Sackville-West, whose engagement to the Hon. Harold George Nicolson, third son of Sir Arthur Nicolson, has just been announced, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Sackville, of Knole Park, Sevenoaks, Kent. She was born in 1892.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR FITZGERALD: MISS MARY FORESTER.

Miss Mary Forester, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Arthur Henry Brinsley Fitzgerald (formerly of the Irish Guards), second son of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, twentieth Knight of Kerry, of Valencia, Co. Kerry, is the eldest daughter of Captain Forester, of Saxelbye, Melton Mowbray, Master of the Quorn Hunt.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. E. WELD-FORESTER: MISS CONSTANCE COMBE.

Miss Constance Combe, whose engagement to Captain the Hon. Edric Weld-Forester, of the Rifle Brigade, the sixth son of Lord and Lady Forester, has been announced, is the daughter of Mr. Richard Combe and Lady Constance Combe, second daughter of the third Marquess Conyngham, of Pierrepont, Frensham, Surrey.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

## A FLYING VISIT TO COWES: THE REGATTA FROM THE AIR.

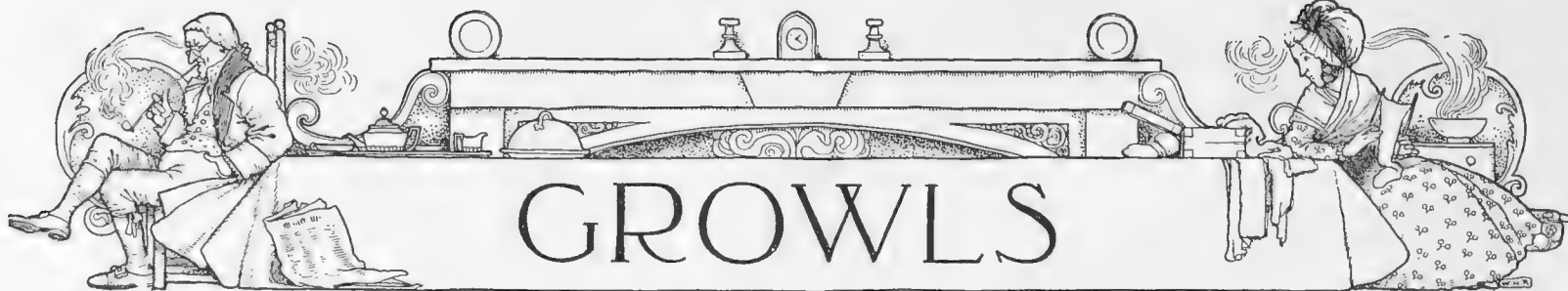


1. VIEWED FROM A CRAFT NOT IN THE PROGRAMME: COWES ROADS DURING THE REGATTA, AS SEEN FROM A WATER-PLANE.

2. QUITE IN HIS ELEMENT, BUT NOT IN THAT OF THE RACES: A WATER-PLANE PILOT'S VIEW OF THE SEA-FRONT AT COWES DURING THE REGATTA.

The events of the great yachting week at Cowes were formerly visible from one of two elements only—land or water. Aviation has now added a third view-point—namely, “the azure deeps of air,” from which the contests of the yachts on the water below can be watched. No sporting event, in fact, can now be considered complete without

a representative of the new form of locomotion which man has lately acquired. The water-plane from which the above photographs were taken was that of the well-known airman, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, and was piloted on this occasion by Mr. Harry Harper.—[Photographs by the Farrington Photo. Company.]



### THE SILLINESS OF SUMMER: THE SIMPLICITY OF SOLUTION.

NO sooner have our households begun to go through the upheaval of packing up for the holidays than our morning papers start to propound problems of subtle sociological significance and of ostensibly national import, and tacitly to invite individual members of an all-too-ready community to add their quota to the discussion. At once people of exiguous qualifications plunge into the fray, invariably evading the main point at issue and leaving the matter more mystifying than it was at the start. This year we are in the throes of a debate, inaugurated by the *Daily Mail*, upon the unsatisfactory working of the marriage market. The kettle, in the person of one signing himself "Tædium Vitæ," began it. At the age of forty, and with an income of five hundred a year, he begins to crave for the connubial state. He has had his fill of celibacy, and he seeks a mate. His requirements are not excessive. He merely stipulates that she shall be of the domesticated variety, unaddicted to golf and bridge, and prepared to be content with what he is in a position to afford. But somehow Fate is against him. He is not in the way of meeting such a being, and there is no organisation which will make it its business to bring the like within his ken. What is he to do about it? And promptly comes the pot's response. Ladies endowed with all the requirements write to say that he is just the very article for which they have been looking so long in vain. They are capable of the highest flights of domesticity, but no one calls upon them for a display of their capabilities, and then we hear all about the selfishness of the celibate on the one side, and the frivolity of the female on the other.

**The Real Crux.** When the pot and the kettle really get to work the air grows black with allegation, but nobody appears to get appreciably nearer to a solution. I myself have a long-standing and deep-rooted suspicion of people who adopt Latin *nomis-de-plume*. I can accord a certain amount of credence to a man who signs himself "John Briggs," but the moment he adopts the pseudonym "Palnam qui meruit ferat," I begin to have my doubts of his *locus standi*, and I know instinctively that neither he nor those who follow in his wake will effect anything in the nature of an elucidation. Incidentally, I am also incapable of entertaining respect for anyone who will help to fill the columns of a prosperous newspaper without receiving reasonable remuneration. But this is

by the way. The point is that, so long as these charges and counter-charges stick resolutely to one groove, there seems but the smallest likelihood of anything of value resulting. When a gentleman signing himself "Bis dat qui cito dat" says he wants a wife who does not play golf but can stuff a goose, there seems to be but little good in a lady signing herself "Lucia of Lammermoor" writing to say that she is just such an one, but that bachelors are too self-centred to come and claim her. We shall never get any further on these lines. What is really the matter—and what, therefore, these people resolutely refuse to see—is that our whole system of asking in marriage is hopelessly wrong and out of date, and its chief flaw lies in the laying of the onus of proposal on the male in the minority, and not on the preponderating female.

**The Better Way.** In my mind's eye I can clearly see "Tædium Vitæ" brought face to face with the maiden who does not play bridge and can mend braces. The critical moment of his existence has arrived, and the opportunity is afforded him of realising his dearest dreams. But I am prepared to wager that in this hour of trial his first impulse, the impulse on which he will act, will be to turn tail and run like a hare, with the opportunity gone and the fateful question unasked. But suppose the onus were shifted. How different would be the result. The young woman who scorns playhouses and can make pastry would not be so timorous. Did convention give her the chance, she would put it fair and square to Cœlebs that here could be distinguished the finger of Fate, and that to ignore it would be to run in the face of Providence. She would denounce the game of golf in no measured terms, would explain that five hundred a year was almost excessive, and would dangle a pancake of her own tossing before his eyes, and the whole business would be settled in a trice. So long as we cleave to the archaic rule that the question-popping must emanate from the side which in nine cases out of ten has neither the courage nor the initiative to "pop," so long shall we hear these dirges and recriminations from the unmated. As a bachelor, I feel that I have some right to claim that I know something of what I am talking, but at the same time, I certainly fear that the solution I suggest is of too simple and commonsensical a character to meet with general acceptance.

MOSTYN T. PIGOIT.



AN EXAMPLE IT IS TO BE HOPED OUR NUTS WON'T COPY—WITH THE UNION JACK: AN AMERICAN TIE SEEN AT GOODWOOD.

"Old Glory," as Americans love to speak of the Stars and Stripes, made a somewhat startling appearance among the male costumes of this year at Goodwood. Next, perhaps, we shall see the Union Jack worn as a tie.—[Photograph by L.N.]



THE COW-CATCHER IDEA APPLIED TO MOTOR-BUSES: ON THE POINT OF BEING RUN DOWN.



NETTED AND OUT OF DANGER: PICKED UP BY THE LIFE-SAVING GUARD.

Remarkable tests have just been made in the streets of Camberwell and Pimlico of a new life-guard for motor-omnibuses and other propelled vehicles, devised jointly by Mr. W. J. Gooding, of 61, Burlington Road, New Malden, and Mr. D. A. Sweeney, of 2, Market Place, New Malden. The invention, for which a patent has been taken out, has been inspected at Scotland Yard. It consists of a steel wire-screen to be affixed to the front of motor vehicles. On meeting any obstruction, the screen, even with a pressure of only 3 lb., releases a lock which causes a shelf, supported on rollers, to fall to the ground and so picks up and carries the obstruction until the 'bus is brought to a standstill. Mr. Sweeney is seen in both pictures taking the rôle of the "subject" in the street test.—[Photographs by C.N.]

*Hotel Hogs.*



II.—THE “GRUMBLE-AT-THE-FOOD-AND-EVERYTHING-ELSE” PERSON.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## "WHERE THE PRINCE LIVED."

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

MANY of the staid Londoners who take their reasonable pleasure reasonably must have read with a mental shrug the description of that dazzling Newport ball, the Nursery Tale ball, where the five hundred guests were all dressed as in the happy time—once, long ago, when there were fairies. The ball and its decoration cost, £20,000, no less, and the value of the jewels worn by American "milkmaids," "beggar girls," and "Cinderellas" was estimated at £2,000,000. "In order to protect the wearers of these gems, ladies were accompanied to the ball by detectives, who afterwards formed a cordon round the house and gardens, while many mingled with the guests." A friend of mine, the gentlest, soberest, aristocraticest, inexorablest woman, wife of a ninth and poor son of a very ancient English family, read aloud to me the description of that glittering and wondrously costly affair—I was going to spell it "affray"—and said, from somewhere between her highly coiled hair and a chin that held a disdain centuries old, "How very—vulgar!"

I wonder how much of that disdain fell to my share when I dared disagree as to the vulgarity of that entertainment. To me it was not vulgar; it was pathetic. Every other kind of "freak" feast may be vulgar, but that puerile effort of grown-ups once more to grasp the glamour and joy of childhood—that was touching. I only hope they did get a glimpse of Wonderland; if they did, even at £20,000, it was cheaply bought. Few and blessed are the grown-ups who can go back, now and then, to the vague magnificence of the Impossible World. To get there, the gigantic

imagination of a child, and that titanic *levier*—un-reasoning faith—are needed. Some of the happy rebels, the men and women "who would not grow up," have genius, and they try with their magic pipe, pen, or paint-brush to evoke images of the Never-More Country: men such as Maeterlinck, Barrie, Perrault, Dickens, Lewis Carroll, Debussy, Lafontaine, men of different talent and different temperament, but who all know how to follow up by scene, song, or story those four thrilling words pregnant with wonders—"Once upon a time . . ."

And some others of these big children cannot create, yet possess remembrance and the humble knowledge that everything is

so that she should explain to me what my narrowed logic of a grown-up could not comprehend. Mr. Mostyn paints much as Verlaine wrote—and, like the poet, the painter must be felt to be loved. First we went all round the three rooms with measured steps, looking at each picture, one after the other—that was the formal introduction. Then, as, in a gathering of many people, one is drawn to this or that person unreasoningly and un-failingly by the all-wise law of instinct, so we came back from our general tour of the walls and stood to stay before the loved pictures, those that one would like to buy because they are the windows of one's thoughts. I was afraid lest little May should stop just where I wanted to pass on; it would have shown me that I had *It* no longer—the key to the fairy castle, that I had lost the way to "The Wood Beyond the World"; but, no, a pressure of the small hand around my thumb said I need not fear. Wherever I had stayed before, little May stayed and understood. We thrilled together before the "Home of the Wizard," bleak, and black, and bell-cose. "He was in there," said she, and I believed her, "dressed in dirty brown, playing with a beast that was partly a toad and partly a lizard with the head of a bat." I think I would know that wizard again anywhere, for little May told me that his left eyebrow had been singed at the fire under his fearful cauldron. Before the "Night in the Woods," another stop, another thrill. Little May is both scared and happy. "I like," says she, "to be afraid with someone I love." She does not know, but already feels that fear is a form of voluptuousness.

Before the picture "Grief," little May, who cannot read English, presses against me and takes what hold she can of my skimpy skirt. What she sees is the essence of desolation, but so subtly expressed as to escape her comprehension. It is just trees weeping under the drizzle, in the nebulous mourning of a hopeless mist. It is a vapour of woe, an incense of despair. It may be the dawn of a drowned day, or the disillusion of an autumnal crepuscule—you do not know, you know nothing, except that the soul in you refuses to be comforted. And little May says suddenly: "You are quite sure I am *your* little girl; you did not find me in a wood and adopt me? Nobody will take me from you ever, ever?" That thought, born of who-knows-what story, is as yet her only imaginable form of despair.

Before a picture "Silence," a landscape uncanny in its stillness, I say to little May, "Hush," and she repeats "Hush" with a smile of communion. "It is as noiseless as the wing of a bird, *petite*," and the child says, simply, "Yes."

As we go forth filled with the fantastic and the wonderful, I ask of her, "Well, little May?" and little May, in some of the few words she knows, replies: "I am happy. When I look at something beautiful, it makes me love you better." To which perfect psychology I can add nothing.



THE ROMANCE OF A SECRET WEDDING: MR. ARTHUR WALTER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS DORIS JOEL IS NOW ANNOUNCED.

The romantic secret marriage of Miss Doris Joel, daughter of Mr. "Sol" Joel, the millionaire race-horse-owner, and Mr. Arthur Walter, a stock-broker, was made public by the claiming of his bride by the bridegroom at Goodwood. The wedding took place three months ago at the Strand Registry Office in Henrietta Street.

Photograph by Sarony.



THE ROMANCE OF A SECRET WEDDING: MISS DORIS JOEL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ARTHUR WALTER IS NOW ANNOUNCED.

The marriage of Mr. Walter to Miss Joel was announced in the "Weddings" column of the "Times" of August 1 in this form: "Walter: Joel—Arthur Walter, of Savoy Court, Strand, W.C., son of the late Maurice Walter, of London, to Doris, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Joel."

Photograph by Farrington Photo Company.

possible. I felt like one of those the other day at the Grafton Galleries, where I had gone to see again, on the last day, the works of Mr. Tom Mostyn. I had taken little May with me,

THE MOTION AGREED TO AD NAUSEAM.



PHYLLIS: Oh! sailing is a glorious pastime, is it not, Mr. Squeem?  
MR. S.: G—g—glorious, Miss Phyllis. But you soon get sick of it.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PEPPYS: "SOCIETY—CHEERFUL COMPANIONS AND LOVELY WOMEN."

**A**UTOBIOGRAPHERS are usually discreet and reticent about their own digressions from the path of virtue, however much they delight in tracing those of other people. Our author\* is a genial exception to the rule, for he relates his own backslidings with considerable gusto, and is ever ready to fling away "the winter garment of repentance" which he occasionally dons. No doubt, one reason for his frankness was the fact that he was not writing for publication—or, at any rate, not for publication during his life-time. It is much easier to be confidential with posterity.

"A Most Blunt, Pleasant Creature." To most readers, perhaps, the name of William Hickey is unfamiliar, although he was well known, socially, in his own day, and his father, Joseph Hickey, an Irishman and "a rich attorney" in London, was a friend of such men as Edmund Burke, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. With the two latter Joseph Hickey belonged to a literary club which met at St. James's Coffee House, formerly a haunt of Swift and Addison, and Goldsmith has some lines upon him and his fellow-members of the club in his convivial poem, "Retaliation"—

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,  
And slander itself must allow him good-nature:  
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;  
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Then what was his failing? Come, tell it, and burn ye!

He was, could he help it?—a special attorney.

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a portrait of Joseph Hickey for Burke, and it was hung at the Academy in 1772

Nothing so Intimate Since Pepys' Diary.

William Hickey wrote his Memoirs at the age of about sixty, in an English village where he had settled after a busy life in India, to beguile the hours of boredom caused by having nothing to do. The present volume, which brings him to the age of twenty-six, contains only a part of the manuscript, and there is enough, says the editor, for one or two more. If they are as amusing as the first, their appearance is devoutly to be desired; and one would like to know something of the history of the manuscript since the author's death. William Hickey was certainly wrong in thinking that "such a production cannot be in any way interesting to those unacquainted with me." There has been, perhaps, nothing quite so intimate and unreserved since the Diary of Samuel Pepys, whom he resembles somewhat both in character and in candid self-

revelation. A *bon vivant*, sociable, amorous, and fond of dress, he had the same insatiable capacity for enjoyment and the same exuberant interest in the externals of life. At the same time, he was of a more open and generous disposition, and had a keener sense of humour. His reminiscences abound in good stories.

**A Dramatic Bedroom Scene.** "Dear, lovely woman," he writes, "I never could resist"; and again: "Society—cheerful companions, and lovely, seducing women—always delighted me and frequently proved my bane, but intoxication for itself I detested." William began his experiences of the "sex" at a very early age. The most romantic of his many amours was that with one Fanny Hartford, who was provided for by "a gentleman of rank and fashion." One adventure with her was quite dramatic. "She and I had been one evening to Ranelagh, from whence I had accompanied her to Queen Ann Street. . . . Having supped . . . we heard someone running quickly upstairs, and a great bustle in the passage, whereupon she exclaimed, 'My God, I am undone! There is Mr. —.' I darted into a closet, the door of which was scarce closed when in he walked, and to my inexpressible astonishment I recognised the voice of a gentleman I was perfectly well acquainted with, whom I knew was married to an amiable and accomplished woman, who had borne him eight children, all then living, with which wife he was upon the best terms." Thanks to Fanny's resourcefulness and that of the servants, William escaped undiscovered.



A NOVELIST AT ISSUE WITH THE LIBRARIES: MR. HALL CAINE, AND HIS WIFE.

The author of the novel of the hour, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," has come prominently forward by his short battle with the subscription libraries. Taking exception to certain matters in the book, the libraries in association put it in a special category requiring readers to demand it specifically. Mr. Hall Caine protested, and after an interview with the head of the Libraries Association lasting an hour and a half, declared his intention of withholding the book from the libraries, offering it only through the bookselling trade. He has done so. Only at one library is the book offered.

Photograph by Record Press.

Edmund Burke Obtains a Reprieve.

Apart from William Hickey's own adventures, his reminiscences are remarkably interesting as a record of the social manners and customs, the sports, dress, and language of the times, and for their numerous allusions to famous people and events. We find Edmund Burke,

for instance, obtaining the reprieve of an officer sentenced to death on insufficient evidence for an alleged offence similar to that of the author of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." We get descriptions of a regatta at Hampton Court, a cricket match between elevens of Eton and Westminster old boys (Hickey played for Westminster, "being considered a famous stop behind wicket"), and of a masquerade at Covent Garden attended by the King of Denmark, and at which, eventually, "bottles and glasses flew about in various directions." We get an eye-witness description of the riots caused by the imprisonment of Wilkes, and of the execution of Earl Ferrers for the murder of his steward; also a most interesting account of a voyage to India and China in an East Indiaman, and of life at Madras, Calcutta, and Canton. The book is a valuable as well as entertaining addition to the literature of social history.



FOR BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES: "RITA" AT MRS. PARBURY'S CAMP AT BROCKLEHURST.

Mrs. Parbury's camp at Brocklehurst, for Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, is an institution that is not only useful in itself, but is immensely appreciated and popular among those for whose benefit and pleasure it is designed and maintained. Our illustration gives a pleasing instance of one of its off-duty features, showing as it does the well-known novelist Mrs. Humphries, or "Rita," as the world knows her best, by her *nom-de-guerre*, or "pen-name," visiting the camp of the girl guides and talking to one of the campers outside her tent.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

\* "Memoirs of William Hickey (1749-1775)." Edited by Alfred Spencer. (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d. net.)

A CHANGE OF 'AIR.



DINER: Look, waiter! There's a grey hair in this soup.

WAITER: Ah, M'sieur is like me! M'sieur regret also ze leetle *blonde* cook who is gone.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



## A Novel in a Nutshell \* THE PERIDOT PENDANT.

By MRS. IRWIN SMART.

IT was afternoon in the bazaar at Assouan. Those tourists who had amused themselves donkey-riding, or exhausted a vitality enfeebled with much sight-seeing by long excursions to Philæ and the greatest of all dams, loitered idly up the narrow pathways where East met West in a bewildering variety of scenes. On the wide boulevards skirting the yellow waters of Father Nile the people indulged in their favourite forms of refreshment outside the numerous cafés, varied by a certain amount of gambling; gaily dressed ladies from the Grand and Cataract Hotels rubbed shoulders with the more primitively attired daughters of the East; native women drew the "habara" closer over their faces, and from behind the impregnability of such a fortress gazed unconcernedly at the Paris fashions and gay costumes of their Western sisters.

A boatload of tourists had just arrived from the Savoy Hotel, welcomed by a crowd of half-naked children, who pursued them with outstretched hands, crying "Backsheesh! Backsheesh!"

An old man of many infirmities, who was acknowledged to be the proud possessor of the very best begging stance in all Assouan, redoubled his cry of "Meskeen! meskeen!" and adroitly hid the alms given by the leaders of the little band from those following them.

A girl and her companion, a man hardly older than her one-and-twenty summers, were the last to alight from the boat.

"Give him something—do, Tony."

"Bless your heart, we'll be in the Bankruptcy Court long before we're married!" laughed the man, throwing the venerable impostor a couple of piastres.

"No fear! Now we must go and have a real hunt through the bazaars; I want no end of things—I hardly know where to begin."

"Then look at them to-day, and come back and buy to-morrow," said Anthony Martin, with the caution he had inherited from a Scotch grandmother.

Delia West smiled. She knew very well her fiancé would refuse her nothing she asked him for; and besides, had she not her own very liberal pocket-money to spend?—and she felt the bag she carried in her hand, to be sure the crackly sound of English bank-notes was still there.

They crossed the road, and were soon among the thick of the crowd in the narrow Eastern bazaars. On every side jewels were to be seen, varying from strings of coloured beads costing five piastres to trays of immensely valuable precious stones; curios ranging from the manifestly "made in Birmingham" imitations to the most precious products of the East; arms and weapons of every description, stuffed crocodiles; waving feathers, and brilliantly coloured cotton Manchester goods.

Two lordly camels, breathing the very epitome of scorn from their upturned nostrils, were ridden by two obviously American tourists. Their pilgrimage had evidently just come to an end as Anthony Martin and Miss West entered the bazaar, for, amidst many shrieks from their passengers, they suddenly collapsed in the disquieting way camels have of ridding themselves of their burdens, and the riders were helped to the ground by their Arab guides. A wordy war on the subject of backsheesh followed.

"Come along, Delia, if you want to do shopping—we mustn't waste time."

"Oh, Tony, do let us have a ride on a camel! You promised me one at Luxor, you know; don't you remember?"

Anthony yielded to the inevitable with a sigh. He had all an Englishman's dislike of being made ridiculous, and to be uplifted such a height above your fellow-men on the back of any living thing was surely a silly position for a human being.

However, Delia always had her way, and, with merely a groan of protest, he arranged her in the cumbersome saddle, and proceeded to mount his own "Ship of the Desert."

The yells of the native boys, accompanied by vicious prodding in the hinder regions of the camels, caused the usual upheaval; and amid a perfect storm of roars the huge animals rose to their feet and began to walk up the bazaar in their usual stately fashion.

"Isn't it lovely, feeling everything has to make way for you?" said Delia.

Martin grunted some reply. He wasn't at all sure that he liked his exalted position, nor the admiring looks cast by the natives at the slight figure of his companion raised to such a noticeable elevation.

It was with a feeling of relief that, after a doubtfully pleasant trot along the river-bank as a finish to their journey, they arrived at the point from which they had set forth and dismounted again to terra-firma.

"Thank God!" said Anthony fervently, as he shook himself, and gave the drivers more backsheesh than they could have dreamt

of in their wildest dreams of avarice, so thankful was he for his deliverance from the horrible motion of that prehistoric beast.

"Now come away. Let us go back to the hotel; you haven't time to go round the bazaars now—perhaps you took some bird's-eye views from the top of that mountainous animal, and have some idea of what you want."

"Yes; some of those undyed ostrich-feathers, and a sweet little baby crocodile in a shop where there were some fascinating assegais, a brass idol, and—oh, look!"

A man was standing at the entrance to his shop, holding in his hand a glass-covered case full of shining green stones.

"Tony, do look at the peridot! I wonder if they are quite—quite an impossible price? Aren't they perfectly lovely?"

Mr. Solomon Isaacs smilingly bowed assent, and in the purest English asked the lady to "step in and look—no need to buy—only to see—"

"Green is unlucky," whispered Anthony, as he looked over his fiancée's shoulder at the glittering gems in the case.

"Nonsense! Tony, have you ever seen anything quite so beautiful as this?"—and she placed a glittering pendant on the back of his hand.

It was composed of one large peridot encircled by a network of diamonds—a mass of glittering green which shone like a rain-washed meadow in the sunlight.

Martin started as the jewel touched his hand; the thing seemed almost alive in its brilliance of colour; yet a cold shiver passed over him, as if he had touched the face of a corpse.

"It is great bargain, lady," said the soft voice of the salesman; and he named a sum which certainly seemed moderate for such a jewel.

"Oh, Tony, I must have it!"

"I don't like it, Delia; somehow there seems something uncanny to me about it"—and he shivered again.

"Nonsense! If you won't give it to me, I'll buy it myself!"—and with trembling fingers she began to count out the notes in her bag.

"You know perfectly well I will give you anything you want; but I have a superstition there is something uncanny about that thing. I feel sure—"

"Monsieur is superstitious," said the salesman a little superciliously.

"If the lady does not like it, you will buy it back?" said Martin, with the caution which was his characteristic.

"Assuredly!"—and Mr. Isaacs rubbed his hands. No mention had been made of the price; Martin was not the actual buyer, and could hardly negotiate for the repurchase of what was not his own property.

"I should never dream of parting with it," said Delia emphatically. "That is correct, is it not?"—and she counted notes and gold into the dusky outstretched palm.

"Certainly! May the lady always be happy!"—and Solomon smiled sardonically as he placed the pendant in its case.

"Now you've spent every copper you've got on one thing," said Martin, as they left the shop.

"Well, I'm not asking you to give me anything, am I?"

"Delia!"

"I think you're just horrid! When I take a fancy to a thing you do your best to prevent my getting it; and such a bargain, too! The man said it would have been double at the commencement of the season."

They walked in silence through the brilliantly lit bazaar; a strange, sighing noise among the palms by the river-bank portended a storm—already the dust was flying in clouds along the embankment. One seemed to see nothing but a fog of sand, breathe nothing but sand—the very air was thick with it.

"It is a regular khamseen—do let us get a boat quickly and be out of it."

It was with a decided feeling of relief they reached the hotel door, and Martin breathed freely when he stood once more in the brilliantly lit lounge.

"My very eyes are full of it," he said, shaking the fine dust out of his coat.

Delia turned away; she still felt annoyed about the pendant. "I want to show you this," she said to a tall, good-looking Englishman. "Have you ever seen anything so lovely?"

"How strange! My sister bought one very much the same last year at Assouan—at least, her description was very similar."

"Did you not see it then?"

"No; I believe she returned it to the man before she left."

"And why?"

[Continued overleaf.]

NOT WEDDED TO IT.



THE WIFE: You don't seem to like rice.  
THE HUSBAND: No, it's associated with one of the greatest mistakes of my life.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

"Well, it was a funny thing. I am not superstitious myself, but it seemed to bring her nothing but bad luck."

"Did I not tell you so?" said Martin triumphantly. "It is probably the same pendant."

"Tony, how could it be? Oh!"

The force of the wind had blown open the outer door, and, sweeping with terrific force through the courtyard of the hotel, it hurled one of the statues which stood among the palms in the lounge from its pedestal. For one moment it seemed as if Delia could not escape. The Englishman, who stood nearest, clutched wildly at her, and the stucco figure fell in a thousand pieces at their feet.

"That was a near go," he laughed, as he set her free from what had been an inevitable embrace.

Martin stood as if turned to stone.

"The Peridot Pendant!" he gasped. "It hasn't taken long to begin its evil influence!"

"The powers that be"—in the shape of Colonel West—decreed an expedition to Philæ for next day. It was probably owing to that estimable gentleman's military training that he arranged to leave by the earliest train possible. In vain did Delia point out that this would entail their returning to Assouan during the heat of the day; the Colonel was obdurate, and they reaped the first benefit of their energy in having the undistracted attentions of an army of waiters to attend on them during their early breakfast.

The Colonel took Egyptology very seriously, and every Pylon, if not each individual figure and lotus-flower on the columns, was minutely studied by him. The lovers, as was perhaps natural, found the present a more interesting study than the past, and, seated on fragments of the historic ruins, spent a blissful hour in discussion of that happy future which was to be theirs—together.

Delia wore the Peridot Pendant, and, during a pause of the conversation, she unfastened the chain, and held the beautiful jewel in her hand.

"Not tired of it yet?" said Anthony, looking at her out of half-closed eyes.

"Tired of it! Is it likely?"

"I only hope it doesn't bring us every misfortune under the sun."

"Don't be silly! How could it—how could anything so lovely bring misfortune? Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" she added, after a pause. "It is just like a moonlit pond overshadowed by trees."

"I'm getting very hungry—aren't you?" was Anthony's commonplace reply. He didn't like any allusion to the silly thing which had so nearly brought about a misunderstanding between them.

The Colonel having been forcibly dragged away from his Egyptological studies, their next move was to the Great Dam, where the "Rest-house" gave welcome relief from the fierce glare of the sun.

Delia did not show much more interest in modern engineering than she had done in ancient Egyptian art. She was hot and tired, the sand filled her shoes, and the stony walk down to the boat awaiting them above the rapids would have tried even greater patience than hers.

"We will take this boat," said Martin, proceeding to enter one of the small flotilla which awaited the arrival of the party "doing" the expedition.

But their guide, Ibrahim, thought otherwise. "The lady would like shoot rapids?" he said insinuatingly.

"Oh, Tony, do let us!"

"No such thing!" said Colonel West decidedly, much to Martin's relief.

"I think, considering the Peridot Pendant, we had better not," he whispered, as he handed Delia into the boat selected by the dragoman.

Delia was too tired to argue the question—it was so very hot for argument. Notwithstanding the almost tropical heat of the day, the Arabs sang cheerfully as they rowed back to Assouan. The wind had completely dropped; the sail was of no practical use, and only flapped idly in the breeze.

Ibrahim was steersman, and apparently kept a sharp outlook for dangers ahead. How it happened Anthony Martin could never tell, but round a bend of the river they came into violent collision with an electric launch belonging to some of the officials of the Assouan Dam, which was heading swiftly up the stream. Was it carelessness on the steersman's part, or was it, as he said, Delia's parasol which had come in the way of his sight? There was a terrific shouting in Arabic, and the boat swerved violently, shipping a quantity of water.

"She is filling!" cried Anthony, clasping Delia to his side.

The men on the launch at once reversed their engines, and pulled the shipwrecked party out of the half-submerged boat.

"You have a madman for a steersman," said one of the engineers, with not unreasonable annoyance, as they returned to Assouan.

Martin forbore to "rub it in" to Delia about the accident, or its possible connection with the Peridot Pendant.

It puzzled him greatly to understand why it should have happened; it seemed so evidently a piece of intentional carelessness. The motive could hardly be attempted murder, for the river at that point was too shallow to have given them more than a soaking,

even had the friendly launch not been so prompt in its assistance. Ibrahim protested, with many supplications to Allah, that the fault was not his, but Anthony mistrusted the man's truthfulness, and refused to have him any longer as guide.

He was quite unaware, however, that the donkey-boy who accompanied them on their ride through the desert next day was a younger brother of the deposed dragoman.

Delia looked a little white after her fright of the previous day, but she still wore the Peridot Pendant. Anthony had not noticed it until she came down dressed for the ride; as a matter of fact, she had not worn it at breakfast.

"I think I would have left that thing off, if I had been you," he growled, as he helped her into the saddle.

"Don't be silly, Tony; surely you can't think that my beautiful jewel had anything to do with the accident of yesterday?"

"I don't know; it looked uncommonly like it."

"Well, I never! Talk of women being superstitious! I have never known one so silly as that!"

Anthony felt annoyed, and did not scruple to show his annoyance in a not particularly civil reply. The Peridot Pendant had got on his nerves; he felt certain it had some malign influence, intentionally or accidentally, and he did not know what further calamities to expect.

Their destination was a large flat stone in the desert known as "Rameses," and said to resemble the august features of that historic personage. Triumphantly the donkey-boys showed the stone monster to two very inattentive sightseers.

"Ni-ice Rameses—Ramese-es ve-ery ni-ice," said one of the boys, affectionately stroking the stone head of the effigy.

"It is a good thing someone is nice," said Delia shortly, as she turned her donkey's head homewards without addressing any further remark to her fiancé.

The donkey picked his way carefully down the steep hill among the stones, Said, the donkey-boy, giving him sundry forcible hints in the hinder regions to quicken his pace.

"Take care!" said Delia angrily, as the beast tripped. "Don't make him go so fast downhill."

She had hardly spoken when, without any apparent reason, the donkey collapsed under her light weight, and she was thrown forcibly to the ground. In a moment Anthony was beside her, but he called her name over and over again in vain. Delia's head had fallen against a stone, and she was insensible.

This decided the fate of the Peridot Pendant.

Delia felt too weak on the following day to protest when Anthony calmly took the jewel from her trinket-box and announced his intention of taking it back to Mr. Solomon Isaacs.

"I will give you a diamond one instead, when we return home," he said indulgently.

He was too thankful to get her permission to return the hateful thing to mind what extravagance he promised. All the little differences of the day before were forgotten as Delia lay seemingly lifeless in his arms; and now that the colour was beginning to creep back into her cheeks he could not be sufficiently thankful.

Mr. Isaacs greeted him with an even lower bow than before. His astonishment apparently knew no bounds on hearing the reason of their visit.

"Mademoiselle was tired of the beautiful jewel! Ah, ladies were changeable!"

Martin explained the reason, and his superstition concerning the pendant.

"*Sacré Dieu*, such terrible things had happened! He had heard of an accident in the desert—donkey-boys were so careless—but never had he thought! The poor young lady; no wonder she was a little—what you call it—superstitious. Even the wise English sometimes were a little fearful. What price? Oh, he could not give more than—"; and he named less than half the price paid for the pendant.

Martin expostulated—the difference was too flagrant—but Solomon was obdurate.

"You devil, you were paid more than double!" cried Martin.

"*Certainement*; but then you buy, now you sell—zare is great deference, Monsieur."

The bazaar was closing for the night when Ibrahim and the donkey-boy crept in through the half-opened door of Solomon Isaacs' shop. In voluble Arabic, they demanded the backsheesh which they had so cleverly earned.

Slowly, grudgingly, the long, dusky fingers counted out the promised piastres.

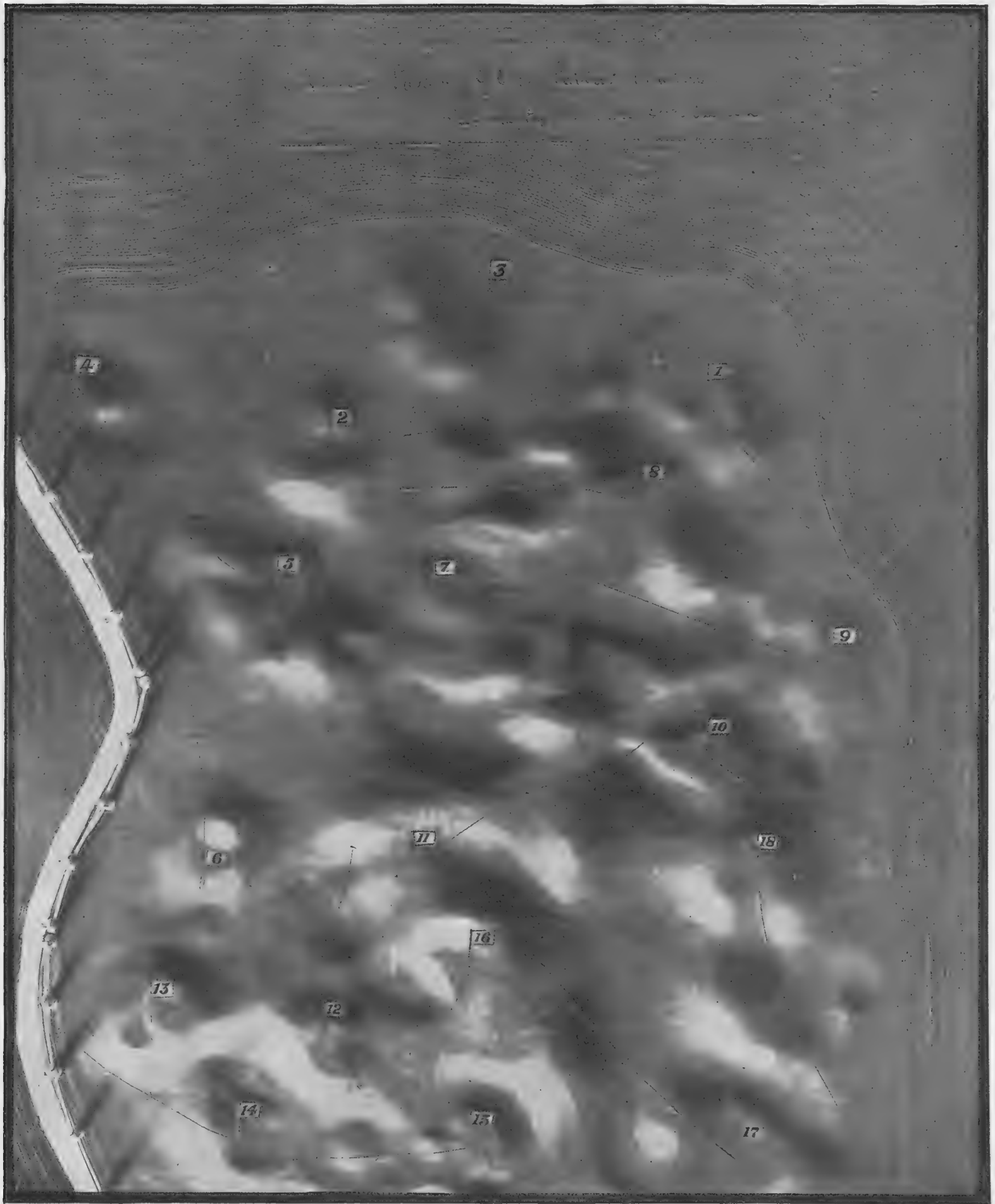
"More?—what, you want more? By the beard of the Prophet, thou wouldst ruin a poor man. You are wolves, ravening wolves"—and a few additional coins were handed over to the supplicants.

"It is little," grumbled Ibrahim, "considering how well you have made."

"Not I, but the Peridot Pendant"—and he held up the jewel lovingly to the light. "Ze beautiful Peridot! Five times sold this season, and now the khamseen bloweth, and the English come no more! It will rest till another year. Oh, he is a great god, ze great English Luck!"

THE END.

## A THREE-ACRE GREEN: A GOLF COURSE FOR PUTTING ONLY



ONLY THE THIRD OF ITS KIND IN THIS COUNTRY: A MODEL OF THE NEW PUTTING COURSE TO BE LAID OUT  
AT THE SHIRLEY PARK GOLF CLUB.

The model of an eighteen-hole putting course which we reproduce has been designed by Mr. T. Simpson, who, with Mr. W. H. Fowler, has recently planned the new golf course at Shirley Park, Croydon, which is about twelve miles from London. The putting course will occupy about three acres. Each of the holes varies in character and length, some

being situate on plateaux, others in punch-bowls. The scale of the illustration is 1 in. to 30 ft. It is quite a new departure to have a large undulating putting course in connection with a golf club. There is one at St. Andrews, and one at Cooden Beach, and this will be the third in this country, and should prove a very real attraction.



STILL REVUEING : YET ANOTHER AMERICAN FAVOURITE : A NEW SKETCH.

WHATEVER else may be said in aspersion of the music-hall, no one can ever possibly charge it with any lack of vitality.

While with the coming of August the town rattles with the closing of the theatres, the music-halls continue the even tenor of their way, giving in some cases twelve performances a week, and in others eight. To them one season is very like another, and the kind of programme which served its purpose in January will do equally well in August. The sun may pay one of its fitful visits to the Metropolis and render the place uncomfortably hot, but the halls will be undaunted. They will gaily throw open their portals, and a certain number, at any rate, are sure to come in. It was very bright and summery last Wednesday afternoon when I looked in at the Alhambra, and there, sure enough, was an audience—not a mighty one, of course, but quite large enough to prevent an appearance of desolation. And on the stage the company were working away, and showing no signs of summer lassitude. Everybody appeared to be happy and contented, applauding the "turns," both new and old, with vigour. The former include La Malaguenita, a Spanish dancer who is an old



"ANNA KARENINA" AS A BATHER: PRINCESS BARIATINSKY TAKING A DIP WITH HER HUSBAND.

favourite, and the "Messenger Boys from Broadway," who do the sort of "turn" to which America has now accustomed us. One is white, and the other, of course, is black, and the latter makes strange noises, but is not so funny as Frank Tinney—as is the case with all these negro impersonators. Both the Messenger Boys are agile dancers, and go one better than the other after the orthodox fashion. They can both sing, and the fact that nobody in the auditorium has the faintest notion of what they are singing about does nothing to militate against the success of their songs. There is no particular point in making audible what means absolutely nothing, and, after all, did not Lewis Carroll tell us to look after the sounds and the sense will take care of itself? Needless to say, I found Mr. Hale, still the principal pillar of the revue, for the success of which he is very largely responsible.

From Across the "Pond."

I went to the Palace, attracted by the announcement that there I might be privileged to gaze upon and listen to "America's favourite musical-comedy artiste." I seemed to have some recollection of that proud title being claimed by others, but I went to see Miss Grace La Rue all the same. Miss La Rue makes a pleasing stage figure, and sings her songs, of which she has a large

selection, with ease and understanding. The songs are not exactly masterpieces. One tells how she wants to be a prima-donna, another makes a medley of a certain number of favourite old songs, and another, of the rag-time order, reiterates "You make me love you—I didn't want to do it." Miss La Rue also gave an imitation of another musical-comedy "star," but there seemed to be a lack of humour about the whole selection which left the house lukewarm.

She does her best to be bright, but the material she has to work upon hardly possesses the amount of distinctiveness so requisite for this sort of entertainment. At the same house I saw another new turn which was extremely amusing. A person calling himself Du Callon stands balancing himself on the top of a lofty ladder and talks rubbish. He is quite an irresponsible and easy-going person, and seems to be perfectly at home in his perilous position. He changes his clothes, plays the mandoline, and goes on talking rubbish all the time. To talk rubbish well takes a good bit of doing, but Du Callon has made himself a complete master of the art, and he reaps his reward in the merry ripple of laughter that accompanies and punctuates his patter. It would be a curious sort of music-hall in which he would not instantaneously become a favourite.



"MADEMOISELLE FIFI" AS A PADDLER: PRINCESS BARIATINSKY AT THE SEASIDE ON THE SOUTH COAST.

At the Oxford.

A new sketch has been produced at the Oxford, in praise of which the advertisements become almost passionately eloquent. It is claimed for this piece that it is "a very merry musical comedy," that it is "the best-dressed show in Town," and that it possesses bright music, good songs, and clever dialogue. Be all this as it may, it is a sketch with either too little or too much plot—I am not certain which. All sorts of things happen near a river, and with the assistance of a tireless, but occasionally tiresome, waiter various phenomena are presented. A watch is abstracted from the owner's pocket by means of a rod and line, soup is served through a garden syringe, and there is other fooling with food. There are representations of a nigger-minstrel show and of a racing eight, and there is a Car-

menesque lady with a

dagger, who tells fortunes by the cards. There is plenty of hustle and plenty of noise, and the dénouement, appropriately enough, is a rag-time wedding. While the sketch is profoundly innocuous, its humour is distinctly of the broad variety, and I cannot help saying that I cannot agree with the advertisements.

ROVER.



WATCHING THE CLOUDS AS A REST-CURE: PRINCESS BARIATINSKY (MME. LYDIA YAVORSKA) RECUPERATING IN HER OWN PARTICULAR FASHION.

Princess Bariatsky finds a complete mental rest-cure in lying flat on the grass and watching the clouds. She has recently been "resting" also in the theatrical sense, but is due back on the London boards in September, when she intends to produce Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" at the Ambassadors Theatre—the first production of the play in English. The Princess has been studying the name-part at a quiet spot on the South Coast. She will also appear in "Mademoiselle Fifi," an adaptation of Maupassant's story. Prince Bariatsky, who is well known as a dramatist, shares his wife's delight in the simple life. Among other accomplishments, she is a fine swimmer.—[Photographs by C.N.]



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

ARMSTRONG'S MOTOR-CARS: ARROL-JOHNSTON'S NEW WORKS: NEXT YEAR'S TOURIST TROPHY.

## "From Dreadnought to Motor-Car."

"From Dreadnought to Motor-Car," from grave to gay, from—but the tail of the quotation does not fit. Such is the compelling title of a well-produced and most interesting brochure lately issued by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., Ltd., of Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of 3, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, W. All but Bond Street (which is the thoroughfare of the *flâneur* so far as we know him on this side of the Channel), the title and address of this firm suggest arms and machines and labour and strife to a high degree, in which environment are brought forth the Armstrong-Whitworth chassis: surely an earnest of their staunchness and quality—as, indeed, is well known to all who own them. A tabulated history of this firm, dating from 1810, when William George Armstrong was born, and carrying on to the present year, when the capital of the Company is set down at £7,000,000, with 25,000 men employed, and an average of £6000 a day paid in wages, forms most interesting reading—as also,

## Licking the Locomotive.

The stain of defeat, if any, left upon the Itala cars by their failure to finish in the late Grand Prix at Amiens has assuredly been sponged right away by Mr. H. R. Pope's wonderful drive from London to Turin, the complete details of which were most graphically rendered in the *Autocar* of July 26. The original record, London-Turin, made in 1911, and which Mr. Pope appears to have rendered taboo to all others, stood at 23 hours 59 min., which was then well inside the time-table train-time. Quite recently the rail service has been accelerated, and the odd minutes have been knocked off, reducing the period to a level 23 hours. Pope and the Itala evidently could not suffer this; so on July 19 a start was made, and, to cut a long story short, the record was put where the locomotives of the Continental lines will have to do much puffing before they again get on terms. The Itala notched no more than 21 hours 36 min., or 1 hour 24 min. better than the train. A 35-h.p. rotary Itala engine, 105 mm. by 150 mm., was used, and ran from start to finish without



MYTHOLOGY AND MOTORS: EDMOND ROSTAND'S "LE BOIS SACRÉ" MODERNISED AND RECENTLY PLAYED IN FRANCE IN THE OPEN AIR.

A party of gay folk of Marseilles the other day hit upon the novel idea of reproducing, in up-to-date form and *al fresco*, Edmond Rostand's delightful mythological work, "Le Bois Sacré," which was presented in Paris two years ago in its archaic setting, as designed by the author of "Cyrano." The effect of the modern costumes of certain characters, and above all, the appearance on the scene of a motor-car amid other characters in classic garb, was, as our illustration shows, as diverting as it was extraordinary.—[Photograph by Detaille.]

indeed, does the story of the genesis of the motor-car department, which, curiously enough, was due in the first place to a great falling-off in the demand for such small guns as three or six pounders.

## Arrol-Johnstons à l'Américain.

The opening of the new Arrol-Johnston works on Tuesday, July 29, was made the subject of a great function. This undertaking is, I believe, the result of several journeys made to America by Mr. T. C. Pullinger, the moving spirit of the firm, who has left no stone unturned in the equipment of these works to meet the American invaders with their own weapons. Utility, efficiency, and economy characterise the whole outlay, for at Dumfries we find no scagliola work, no marble corridors and staircases, no gilded domes—and even no baths for the heads of the staff. In the matter of up-to-date machinery and automatic accessories the outlay has been most generous, but no money whatsoever has been spent on anything unproductive. Economy of production has been reduced to an exact science. The money so saved goes into the cars. Touching the locale of these works, a curious and interesting link exists with the very earliest recorded attempts at artificial locomotion. Dumfries can lay claim to Kirkpatrick, who built the very first man-propelled bicycle, and the first steam-boat ever made was launched on Dalswinton Loch, three miles away.

a falter. The credit of this feat must be shared by the Continental tyres, one set of which went right through.

## The Conditions of the "T.T." Race.

An International Tourist Trophy Race in 1914 in the Isle of Man is now a dead certainty. I have before me the synopsis of the regulations, which set out the length of the race to be about 600 miles, run over two days of 300 miles each, the race to be for cars fitted with internal-combustion engines having not less than four cylinders. The cubic capacity (that is, volume swept out by the pistons) must not exceed 3310 c.c. A tank capable of containing 50 gallons—the amount of fuel to be allotted for the two days—must be fitted to the chassis. This amount of spirit is about equal to 40 lb. avoirdupois. Any kind of fuel, however, may be used, and having regard to the wonderful results some people are getting with benzol, it is probable that this particular hydro-carbon will be largely used. There is a fuel prize, to compete for which cars must use a fuel with not more than 10 per cent. of petrol. The event will be worth going for, for the first prize will be the Tourist Trophy and £1000; the second prize, £500; the team prize, £300; and the fuel prize, £100. All the cash prizes are presented by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is quite on the cards that an entering firm might net the whole £4350.



THE Welbeck party for last week was large, even for Welbeck. With Prince Arthur of Connaught as principal guest, it was natural that there should be a full gathering, despite the claims of Cowes and the beginning of the run for the North. Lord Kitchener, whose proverbial silence is said to be lifting with the years, had much to say of the Army in general, and the younger soldier's career in particular. It was not exactly an occasion on which K. of K. could dwell on the disadvantages of the married state, and of the curse that "Mrs. General" is to soldiering. On the contrary, the congratulations he showered on Prince Arthur were, like the lifting of his silence, not at all in keeping with the usual Kitchener legend. It is felt that K. of K. is either becoming something of a courtier or is soon expecting to ask a return of compliments from the engaged Prince.



MISS MARIE LÓHR APPEARS IN A NEW RÔLE — AS MOTHER: MRS. ANTHONY PRINSEP AND HER BABY.

This charming photograph of Miss Marie Lóhr and her baby was taken the other day by a friend in a garden at Cookham. Her wedding with Mr. Anthony Leyland Prinsep took place in London in August last year. Mrs. Prinsep is a daughter of another well-known actress, Miss Kate Bishop (Mrs. Lewis J. Lóhr).

Photograph by S. Raynes.



DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF STRATHMORE: LADY ELPHINSTONE AND THE HON. MARY E. ELPHINSTONE.

The marriage of Lord Elphinstone, the sixteenth Baron, and Lady Mary Frances Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore, took place in 1910. Their daughter, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Elphinstone, was born in 1911. Lord Elphinstone is a Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland.

Photograph by Speaight.

many strangers, attended, and Amberley, at first a little doubtful of its own mind on the subject, went away convinced. Incidentally, Sir Harry had once more to combat the reputation of being a great lion-hunter. In proposing a vote of thanks, one speaker alluded to the Chairman's multitudinous "bag." "My bag," he answered, in repudiation, "consists of one lion—one lion, shot in a pigsty! The pigsty had been built for a very rare and precious pig which I had captured in Africa in order to bring home to the Zoological Gardens. One morning my native servants ran to me crying that there was a lion in the pigsty, whereupon I took my gun and killed the lion."

*The Frog and the Croakers.* Sir Harry, if he had but one lion, had many anecdotes. He drew his Suffrage arguments from his experiences



AN EARL'S BRIDE WHO DISPENSED WITH ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA OF A FASHIONABLE WEDDING: MISS SYBIL SASSOON (NOW COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE) ARRIVING AT THE REGISTRY OFFICE.

The Countess of Rocksavage, formerly Miss Sybil Sassoon, is the only daughter of the late Sir Edward Albert Sassoon, and only sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt., who is Conservative M.P. for Hythe. Her grandfather, the late Sir Albert Sassoon, was head of the firm of David Sassoon and Sons, of London and Bombay. — [Photograph by C.N.]

Besides Prince Arthur and Lord Kitchener, the party at Welbeck included Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Linlithgow, Lord Annaly, and Sir Richard Sutton. Various members of the Cavendish-Bentinck family itself also helped to make the company a young one, with Lord Desmond Fitzgerald and Lord Althorp to keep it gay. Among the ladies were Lady Moyra Cavendish, Lady Mary Cecil, the Hon. Lucia White, and Mrs. Mildmay. This week the Duke of Portland joins a graver company at Brogyntyn for the graver business of grouse-shooting with Lord and Lady Harlech.

*Sir Harry's Lion.* Sir Harry Johnston took the chair last week at a Women's Suffrage meeting held in Amberley school-house. All the villagers, and

all over Africa. The bluffing, he contended, with which the demand for the vote for women is now being met by the Government is characteristic of official classes all the world over. In the Congo Basin, where there is no question of the advantages or disadvantages of the Franchise, the women-folk, Sir Harry observed on his travels, were being persuaded that they should not eat the hind legs of a particularly tasty frog. Both sexes had fattened on the same food until the medicine-men saw that the supply must in the end fail to meet the demand. The hind-legs were the only edible portion of the animal. "If you eat those hind-legs," said the medicine-men to the women, "you will bear children with bulging eyes." No wonder the good folk of Amberley enjoyed their evening.



A BRIDEGROOM WHOSE EXAMPLE IS LIKELY TO POPULARISE REGISTRY-OFFICE WEDDINGS: THE EARL OF ROCKSAVAGE ARRIVING FOR HIS MARRIAGE TO MISS SYBIL SASSOON.

The Earl of Rocksavage and his bride, Miss Sybil Sassoon, dispensed with the usual ceremonies of a religious service and a reception, and were quietly married, on August 6, at the Registrar's Office in Prince's Row, Buckingham Palace Road. The Earl is the elder son and heir of the Marquess of Cholmondeley. — [Photograph by C.N.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Arrivals.**

The secret of travelling, especially in summer, is to arrive at night if you wish to experience the emotions of mystery and surprise. It is essentially banal to reach Rome or Stockholm, Paris or New York, at noon, for all these cities acquire an extraordinary charm when darkness falls and they are decked, as with jewels, by their innumerable lights. New York, especially, should be approached when dusk is falling on the austere-looking hills of New Jersey, and when the waters of the Bay and New York Harbour are alive with darting steamers twinkling with green and crimson lights. It is a scene of extraordinary animation and beauty, to which the huge buildings, lighted to their stupendous heights, add a touch of weird fantasy. Stockholm, too, is a fairy city when the darkness tardily falls, for it is built on innumerable islands, and resembles not a little that Venice which you should time to reach on a soft summer night or else in the pearly dawn. The lovely Italian city on the Adriatic is, indeed, peerless on a warm summer morning, and no painting of Turner has exaggerated the sheer beauty of its approach by sea. There are sights that haunt one to the last hour, and one of these is that pink city of domes and campaniles set in a pale-green sea as you steal up the Adriatic.

**A Hill-top in Kent.**

It was the Bank Holiday saturnalia, and we started late, after dinner, hoping to escape the turmoil on platforms, the hustling and crowding of railway-carriages. A little wayside station in a remote part of Kent was our destination, but we were not to escape the discomforts or the singular raucous noise made by English folk when on pleasure bent. The young creatures in the next carriage would have been singing "Hitchy-Koo" if that had been the modish song of the hour, but years have passed, and the particular kind of noise they made far down the line has escaped my memory. What I remember is the sense of peace, the exquisite cleanliness of the air as we rushed far into Kentish by-ways, dropping our noisy wayfarers at the stations as we went along. Then the drive, in a velvet-black, moonless light, up and up until we had reached the hill-top where our unknown mansion was placed, all among the breezes of heaven. Then the glass of milk, the good-nights, and the peace of the austere but beautiful bedroom, of which an elderly maid of French nationality was doing the honours. I wanted my windows wide open, and asked if the curtains must be drawn, or if there were windows near which gave into mine. "Mais il n'y a que le forêt!" was the reply; and it has haunted me ever since. To be told at midnight, in Cimmerian darkness, that there is "only the forest" outside is in the highest degree suggestive of emancipation from the town, of peace and repose and the eternal dignity of tall, growing trees. In the morning, in the gay sunlight, the "forest" turned out to be a

clump of trees upon a Kentish upland, but the impression has remained of that alluring arrival.

**A Brittany Watering-Place.**

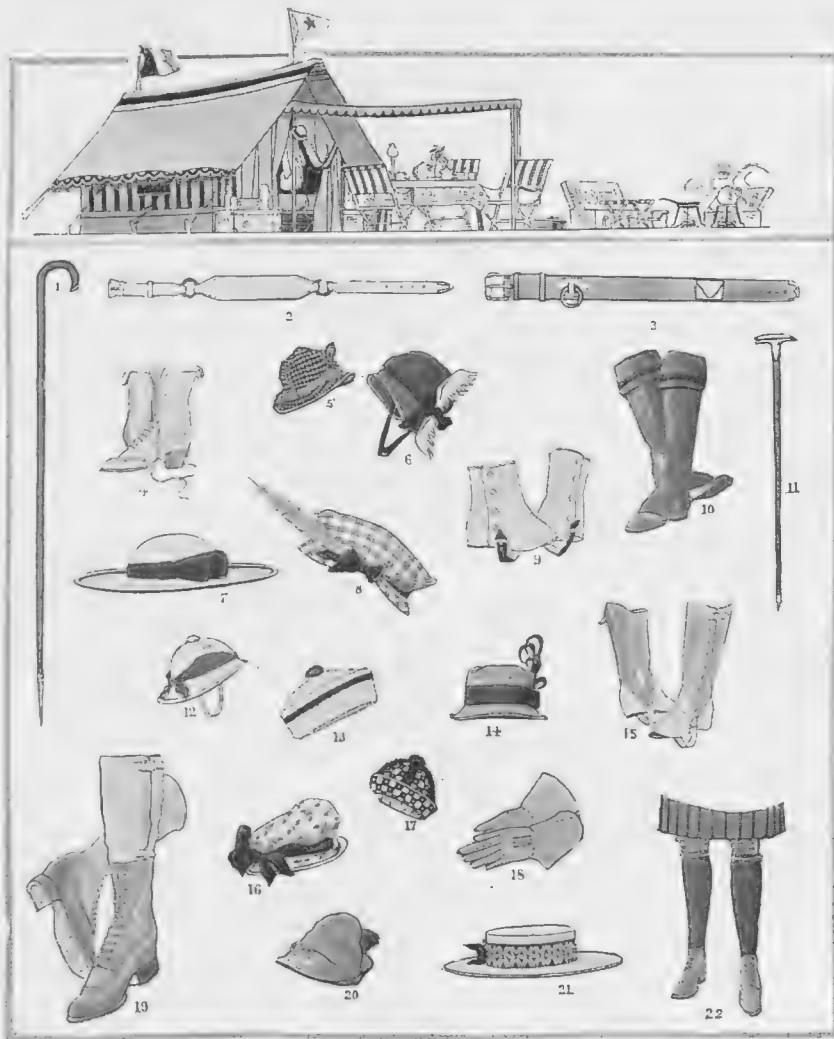
Another arrival, on a summer night spangled with stars, the heat actually torrid, I shall always remember for its furtive gaiety and mysterious charm. All day until evening I had been travelling from Normandy to Brittany, first by swift motor-car to Lisieux, then by the Paris - Cherbourg express as far as Caen, where a restaurant-car with ice and electric fans and a Parisian *déjeuner* had beguiled the time; and, finally, in slow, creeping trains which

crawled past Avranches and distant Mont St. Michel, through Dinan, merry with soldiers and some local fête, and finally on to Plancoët, a Brittany town which seems always plunged in blackness. Here the one ramshackle "victoria" had been bespoken to convey me through the pitchy night, along endless leafy lanes, to my village on the sea. It was eleven o'clock as we drew up to the hotel door, and I could perceive strangely clad, Oriental-looking figures, with turbaned heads, all carrying lighted Chinese lanterns, flitting through the garden, some disappearing inside the hotel door, others hurrying towards the wooden steps which gave access down to the seashore. The night was so sultry that all the younger members of the party had declared for an eleven o'clock bathe, and they were either going to or returning from a swim in the starlight. It was amazingly pretty and curiously exotic, reminding one of figures on some Chinese screen — vague, a little disquieting, and wholly charming.

**Tangier.**

Some of us had been hidden in our cabins, living on a simple diet of grapes, what time the steam-yacht was buffeted down the Bay of Biscay, and we had taken no account of what Mr. Filson Young calls the "grim and eternal Verities around us" in our forlorn collapse; but now, at last, was night and calm, and,

with the rattling of the anchor, we were assured by official persons on board that that was Tangier which lay, with its white mosques and flat roofs rising on a hill, in front of us in the pale moonlight. It seemed incredible that we had only left our pretty, conventional Isle of Wight behind us four days ago, and here we were already in touch with the immemorial, mysterious East. For indeed, with its rather desolate breakwater and shore, its walls and gateways, its prisons and mosques, Tangier looks more Eastern than many cities in distant Asia. And if it is your first glimpse into the sinister Orient, you will never forget this first impression of a civilisation, an architecture, so dissimilar to our own. The Isle of Wight fades away, and the pages of "The Arabian Nights" are made vivid to you at a glance. Tangier, by night, is almost as amazing as New York.



THE EXTREMITIES OF THE CAMPING-OUT WOMAN: FRENCH FASHIONS FOR OPEN-AIR HEAD-GEAR AND FOOT-GEAR—WITH TENT AND FURNITURE.

The objects numbered are as follows:—1. An alpenstock. 2 and 3. Belts of heavy leather for sporting purposes. 4. Brown laced boots. 5. A sporting hat in check velvet. 6. A felt travelling-hat. 7. A touring-hat in white felt. 8. A motoring-hat in Scotch taffetas. 9. White linen gaiters. 10. Knitted gaiters for mountaineering. 11. An ice-axe. 12. A white linen hat for climbing. 13. A woollen bonnet for the mountains. 14. A sporting hat with cock-feathers. 15. Gaiters, half leather and half cloth, for sporting or walking purposes. 16. A hat of flowered linen for the high road. 17. A bonnet for climbing or motoring. 18. Mountaineering gloves. 19. Comfortable boots for climbing. 20. A sporting Tyrolean hat in green felt. 21. A pretty boating "straw," with fancy ribbon. 22. Cloth leggings for sporting purposes.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 27.*

## THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

THE dividend announcement of this Railway appeared too late for us to refer to it last week, but as many of our readers are interested, some reference may not be out of place.

The Directors announced that all the Preference stocks down to and including the 1889 issue are to receive their interest in full. Last year, it will be remembered, only the interest on the Preference stocks down to and including the 1874 issue was paid for the first half of the year, although for the whole twelve months the 1889 issue received its full 4 per cent., and 1½ per cent. was paid on the 1891 Preference.

The additional information afforded by this Company shows that the balance available for Preference dividends amounts to £391,400, which is an increase of £154,700, and is practically equal to the 1911 results. This against a gross traffic increase of £504,000.

The outlook is certainly satisfactory, and if gross traffics continue to increase as they have done since June, the improvement should amount to at least £100,000 for the second half of the year, and of this at least £30,000 should be retained—that is, rather less than one-third, which is, roughly, the proportion secured during the six months just completed. The increase in freight rates should ensure at least this result, even if the coal-bill is higher.

Thus for the whole of the year there should be a minimum net increase of somewhere about £185,000. Last year 1½ per cent. was paid on the £2,230,000 4 per cent. 1891 Preference; to pay the additional 2½ per cent. will require £55,750, so there should be about £129,250 available for dividend on the £3,100,000 1894 Preference, which is equivalent to rather more than 4 per cent.

It is clear, therefore, that upon the immediate outlook both the 1891 and 1894 issues are attractive purchases at the current quotations of 75 and 74½ respectively. With regard to their future during the next two or three years, we can only repeat our oft-expressed opinion that the development of the Doncaster coal-field, the new Immingham Dock, and the growing suburban traffic must ensure an increasing prosperity to the Company.

## THE RAND.

The settlement of the labour troubles has naturally imparted a firm tone to the Kaffir Market, but this has not been accompanied by any great increase of public business. We think it can be assumed that there will be no further troubles for some time to come, but it cannot be expected that normal conditions will be restored for some little while. The cessation of recruiting alone must have considerable effect.

The Directors of the East Rand Mine consider affairs sufficiently settled to declare the half-yearly dividend, which is at the same rate as last year—namely, 12½ per cent. This same Company announces that, owing to the loss of 1500 boys during July and the breakdown of a power-station, they propose to suspend operations on the Hercules and Angelo Deep section of the property. We imagine the disorganisation here—and elsewhere also—is greater than is admitted by the Directors, so probably the step is a wise one.

The July profits of the mines belonging to the General Mining Group reflect the influence of recent happenings: Meyer and Charlton alone succeeded in making a decent showing, the profit being £19,698, a decline of only £2000, but this was only achieved by means of crushing an improved grade of ore. The others showed declines of 30 or 40 per cent.

The Transvaal gold return for July shows a decline of 91,688 ounces over the June output, which was itself none too good; and as expenses also increased heavily, it is clear that the effects of the strike, short though it was, were sufficiently serious.

Results such as these will prevent any rapid improvement in this market for the present; but, as conditions revert to the normal, we think there should be a gradual improvement in values, and such shares as Van Ryn Deep, Brakpans, and Modder "B" can safely be purchased.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

The London Guarantee and Accident have struck out in quite a new direction by the issue of its Bond Insurance prospectus. Holders of many Bonds which stand at a premium run a very definite risk of having them drawn for redemption at par every year or half-year, as the case may be. It is against this risk and the incidental expenses of re-investment, etc., that the London Guarantee are prepared to insure investors. Large holders of such Bonds are probably content to rely upon the law of averages to protect them, but for small investors the scheme has attractions.

The manner in which the Directors of Rubber securities have dealt with last year's results is highly creditable, although the same cannot be said of the results themselves. The heavy depreciation on investments is boldly faced, and the reserve fund and last year's profits are utilised in wiping it out. This is sound finance. On the

other hand, the cash position is far from strong, and the outlook for rubber not too bright, so we cannot recommend anyone to hold the shares.

Union Pacifics jumped up to 156 at one time last week, on rumours that a cash bonus would be distributed. We fear this is rather premature, although we have little doubt that the bonus will eventually be forthcoming. The question as to whether Preferred stockholders are entitled to share in such bonus has not yet been definitely settled, but we believe that they would receive their share—unless they are retired before the distribution.

The excellent report issued by Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton should draw some attention to the Preference stock, which carries a cumulative 5 per cent. dividend, and is quoted at 96. There are £1,360,000 outstanding, and, after allowing for the Debentures, this issue is fully covered by cash, securities, and debtors.

## OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Made any money lately?" inquired the clerk, who had just come back from his holiday.

The Rubber expert groaned loudly.

"Slow horses and fast friends?" suggested the first speaker.

"Not at all; but you know we all bought shares at 2s. 7½d., and our friend here keeps knocking the market down by selling his."

"The cause of this outburst," explained the senior partner, "is that I sold a hundred at 2s. 9½d., and now they've gone back to half-a-crown."

"You haven't made much out of it, at all events."

"That's how the rich live," declared the Rubber expert grumpily.

"What are you going to do with the proceeds?" asked the clerk. "Buy Canadian Pacifics or bank it?"

"It wouldn't buy me very many," laughed the senior partner good-naturedly, "and I'm not sure that the time's ripe to buy Canpacs yet; I hear tales of one or two big lines hanging about."

"Why not sell a few, then?"

"Can't be done; I shouldn't get a wink of sleep if I sold something that I hadn't got."

"But there's more money to be made as a bear than a bull," expostulated the clerk.

"I'll not dispute it," replied the senior partner; "but you'll find most people feel the same."

"Well, if you must be a bull, you'd better stick to Home Rails."

"What price Oils?" asked the Rubber expert. "I rather fancy Kern Rivers or North Caucs myself."

"Passable gambles both," said Harry, who had been in and out about three times since the conversation started; "but what I want to know is whether Premiers will get their dividend or not."

"We should all be obliged with that information," said the senior partner; "but I'm afraid you'll have to wait and see."

"It all depends on whether the insiders have sold their shares yet," explained the clerk. "If they haven't, they'll pay this dividend and get out before the next one's due—and all wise people will do likewise."

"Why should they have to pass the dividend at all?" asked Harry.

"Because they ought never to have paid as much; and, having sold the bulk of their shares, insiders begin to realise that depreciation has been woefully neglected."

"I'm glad to say I got out of mine a long time ago," said the senior partner; "I wish I'd got out of my Cordoba Centrals at the same time."

"I cut my loss at 56," chuckled the clerk; "but I think they'll recover a bit from their present price; surely they must be worth 50."

"You can't always get what a thing's worth," said the Rubber expert. "Take my case, for example—what I get and what I'm worth—"

"Are very different things," completed the clerk, with a smile; "but that's only an example of inflated values"—and he nimbly dodged a lump of hard Para and half a gum sample which whistled by his head.

*Saturday, August 9, 1913.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

DUGE.—(1) Before the dividend stage is reached. (2) Not yet, as far as we know. (3) We think it will be several years before a dividend is paid, and although the people behind are good, we think there are better speculations.

CARONIA.—Your list is a good one; (6) may go lower in the meantime, but as you intend to hold to redemption, this does not much matter. (3) is in rather a different class from the others, but is a good high-yielding investment.

ENQUIRER.—We do not know why the interim report was not issued, and the exact position of the Company is hard to ascertain. We presume you paid a considerably higher price for your shares, and therefore think you had better hold on for a while.

P. J. E.—We think you may see a better market during the next few weeks, and if that is so you would be wise to secure your profits; but we do not think there is any immediate hurry.

## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

### Where the Sun Has Been.

A small boy arriving in the Highlands, north of Inverness, interviewing an old gillie, was told that the fishing was poor because there had been no rain for three weeks—"naething at a' but warrum, bright sun." "Then that's where the bally thing has been," said he; "while we've had grand, dull, cold, windy, showery, fishing weather in the South. Well, things are rottenly managed!" The boy is now thoroughly enjoying his swims, his games of golf, and his many other outdoor pursuits in the sunshine and the fresh breeze, but he still laments the lovely fishing weather in the South. Now our complaint is that the sun has been so genial and warm and lovely up here, while we were so cold and dull and depressed in the South; but the oldest and most sensible member of our company says, "Oh, do drop it! The sun is here, and we are here—let's enjoy it." So we shall.

### For Our Wear.

We all love homespun—no one in Scotch holiday haunts ever wears anything else. There are many, however, who complain that it is rather heavy and cumbersome. Well, there are remedies for most evils, and Fraser and Sons, of the Scotch Warehouse, Perth, have introduced with great success light-weight homespuns made especially for our wear. They made their bid for our appreciation last season, and have obtained it so fully that orders for homespuns have increased to a tremendous extent. The extreme lightness of these Atholl homespuns and Antler tweeds make them immense favourites, because they have all the nature and quality of the ordinary rough Harris, and are more refined and more finished. They can only be had direct from Scotland, and patterns and prices can be obtained post free by writing to the firm. Atholl homespun is 8s. 6d. a yard, fifty-four inches wide; and Antler tweed 5s. 6d. a yard, the same width. Four-and-a-quarter yards make a costume.



A NOTABILITY OF CANTERBURY WEEK:  
LORD HARRIS STROLLING IN THE  
LUNCHEON INTERVAL.



SOCIETY AT CANTERBURY DURING THE  
WEEK: LORD GUILFORD ON THE  
ST. LAWRENCE GROUND.

An enthusiastic supporter of Kent cricket is Lord Harris. "Of Belmont, Kent," is part of his official style in the Peerage. In days gone by Lord Harris was a notable cricketer on the Kentish playing-field himself, although since his return from the Governorship of Bombay, some eight years ago, he has not often been seen in flannels at the wicket. Canterbury Week would not be itself without Lord Harris's presence.—All the Society world does not go to Cowes; many notabilities find their way to Canterbury for the Week—always the first week in August. As to that, it certainly seems a pity that two such notable fixtures should clash. Our photograph is a snapshot of Lord Guilford, who takes great interest in the doings of the Champions expectant of 1913, as a Kentish J.P. and Lieutenant-Colonel of East Kent Yeomanry.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]



LADY KINNAIRD.



LADY AIRLIE.



LADY HAMBRO.



LADY EDMONSTONE.

### THE TWELFTH ON THE MOORS: FOUR WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH HOSTESSES DURING THE GROUSE-SHOOTING SEASON.

Lady Kinnaid is the wife of Lord Kinnaid, whose family seat is Rossie Priory, Inchture, Perthshire. Lord Kinnaid will be at Ballindean, Perthshire, this season.—The Earl of Airlie owns Airlie and Cortachy Castles, Auchterhouse, Forfarshire; and Tulchan Lodge, Glen Isla.—Lady Hambro is the wife of Sir Everard Hambro, of Milton Abbey, Dorset, who has taken Gannochy for the shooting season.—Lady Edmonstone is the wife of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, of Duntreath Castle.

Photographs by Keturah Collings, Speaight, Ltd., and H. Walter Barnett.

### Regardless of the Weather.

The complete tourist should be fitted at all points to treat the weather without the smallest consideration. There is nothing for accomplishing this frame of mind and condition of body like Cravenette proof, which keeps the wearer hot in cold weather, cool in hot weather, and dry in wet weather. Cravenette weather-proofed garments for every occasion are obtainable in the latest styles from all leading clothiers, but should any difficulty be experienced, write to the Cravenette Company, Dept. 16, Well Street, Bradford. It is dust-proof also, so motorists, golfers, guns, fisher-folk, yachtsmen and women, as well as travellers, wear it, and feel that the weather has no terrors for them.

**The Sweetest Scent.** There is nothing more refreshing than a really delicious perfume, such as Shem-el-Nessim most undoubtedly is. This scent of Araby gives a feeling of freshness and relieves lassitude, and has a haunting fascination which makes it a wonderful favourite.

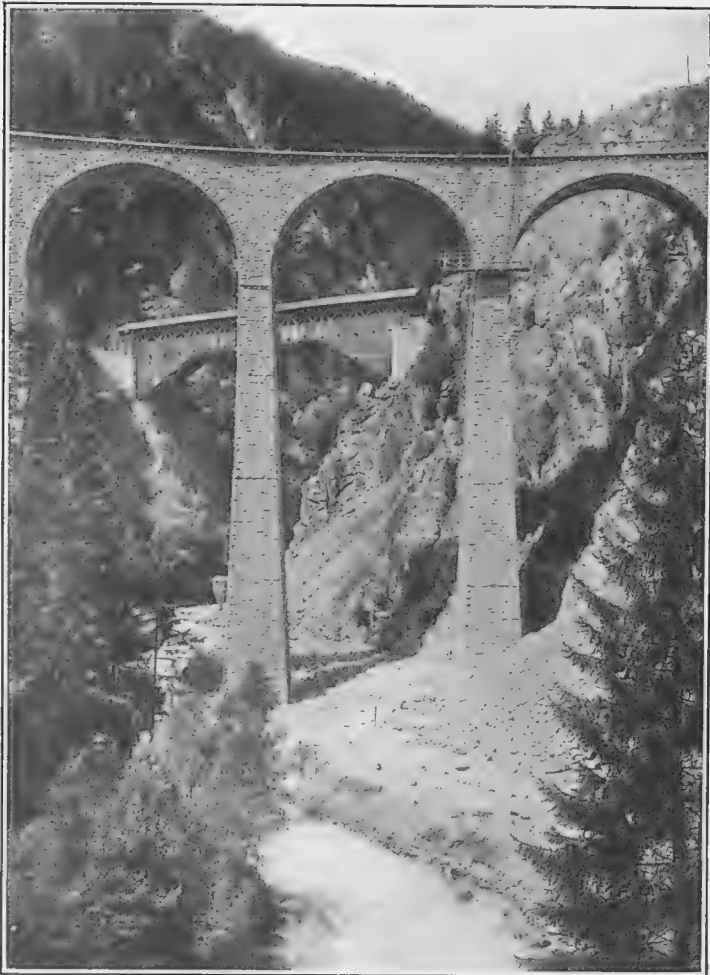
So much is it appreciated that Messrs. J. Grossmith and Son, Newgate Street, E.C., have prepared a full toilet-set of this delicious scent—for the handkerchief, bath-salts, hair-lotion, toilet-water, face-powder, brilliantine, sachet, and cachous; also soap, which is ideal, being soft and without the smallest irritating effect on the most sensitive skin. All the Shem-el-Nessim preparations can be obtained from chemists, but care should be taken to have only those made by the above-named firm.



ONE OF THE SIDE-SHOWS OF CANTERBURY WEEK: A SCENE FROM "THE CONSPIRACY"  
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, CANTERBURY.

The historic "Old Stagers," who always appear during Canterbury Week, held their seventy-second season this year, performing, as usual, twice during the week—on Monday and Thursday, Aug. 4 and 7. One of the pieces they presented was "The Conspiracy," a short drama in one scene, by Robert Barr and Sidney Lewis-Ransom. Mr. Alan Mackinnon took the part of the King of Polavia, with Mr. G. C. Rentoul as Baron Brunfels, Mr. Jack Gardom as ex-Chancellor Steinmetz, and Captain E. F. Gould as Count Staum. The Nobles of Polavia were represented by Mr. Harold Whitaker, Mr. Clive Kelsey, Captain Ronald, the Hon. G. St. V. Harris, Mr. G. V. E. Crutchley, Mr. Arthur Frere, and Mr. Ivor McClure.—[Photograph by H. Fisk Moore]

*In the Midst of the Playground of Europe: Places that Visitors to Switzerland should See.*



THE NEW BESIDE THE OLD: THE RÜENTHEIL VIADUCT IN THE GRISONS NEAR TÖDI, SHOWING THE OLD-TIME TIMBER-BUILT VALLEY-BRIDGE.



CLOSE TO FASHIONABLE ST. MORITZ: PONTRESINA, AMONG THE BERNINE ALPS.



A MOUNTAIN FASTNESS IN THE LOWER ENGADINE: TARASP CASTLE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNORS UNTIL NAPOLEON'S TIME.

*Photographs by Meisser*

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FRANK POTTER, General Manager.



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£1000 INSURANCE. See page XI.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. Cecil Whitaker's Yacht "Margherita"; Society at Cowes; The Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson; Cowes Regatta from the Air; Wonders of the Cinematograph—"The Last Days of Pompeii" on the Film; The Alhambra's Proteus—Robert Hale as Impersonator; Harry Vardon, of the Great Triumvirate; Leaders of Society in Yachting Trim at Cowes; the Priest and Poetess Tragedy.

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If you want a neat, trim figure, with your weight reduced to normal, do not fail to send for this book. Miss Hartland's method will reduce your fat on any part of the body, improve your figure, give you a better colour and better health, so that everyone with whom you come in contact will be permeated with your strong spirit and wholesome personality—in other words, her method will make you appear at your best, reaching your ideal in figure and poise.

Over 25,000 of the most refined intellectual women in Europe have reduced their weight by this method. Her method has grown in favour because results are quick, natural, and permanent, and appeal to common sense.

Miss Hartland knows the humiliation of the over-stylish—what it is never to look stylish in anything, what it is to be made fun of on account of a burden of horrible fat how it feels to be tired from morning till night, what it is to waddle when one walks, and finally, be obliged to give up one's profession because one's figure had lost the lines of youth and beauty, and then become disgusted and disheartened by vain attempts to reduce one's weight by use of every so-called fat-reducer one heard of. These are the reasons that she, a stranger, and perhaps living miles from you, has decided to give you this interesting book free, in order that you may have the opportunities, the advantages of your lean sisters; for what her method has done for others it can do for you.

Simply mention this paper and send 1d. stamp to help defray postage, and she will send you by return a copy of her interest-



Illustrated Book, Which Explains her Method, Now Offered FREE to Readers. Send for Copy To-day.

ing book, entitled, "Weight Reduction without Drugs." Address your letter: Winifred Grace Hartland, Suite 424, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.

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Garden Parties—River Outings  
—for every occasion when a light drink is desired, "Whiteway's Cyder" is universally accepted as the most suitable and delightful beverage. Everyone likes it. Everyone appreciates its delicious taste—its wine-like character. And everyone wants it because of its refreshing, thirst-quenching qualities.

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The Ideal Summer Drink.

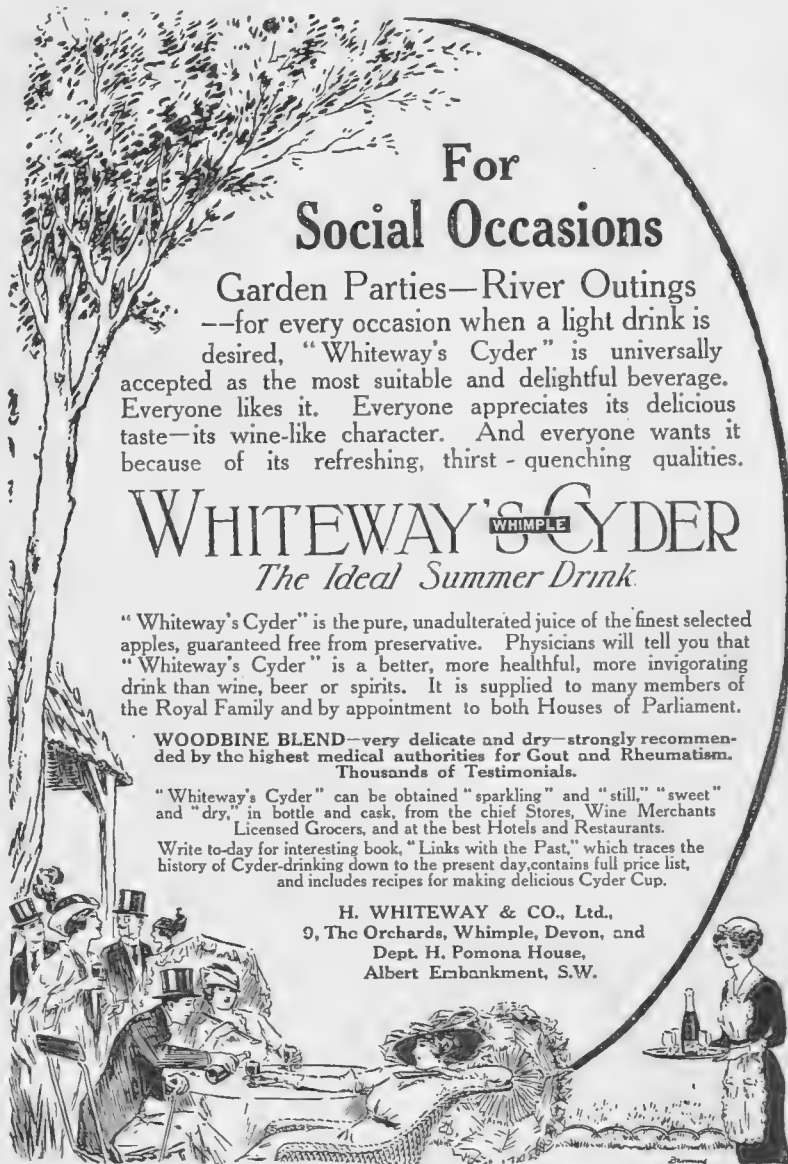
"Whiteway's Cyder" is the pure, unadulterated juice of the finest selected apples, guaranteed free from preservative. Physicians will tell you that "Whiteway's Cyder" is a better, more healthful, more invigorating drink than wine, beer or spirits. It is supplied to many members of the Royal Family and by appointment to both Houses of Parliament.

WOODBINE BLEND—very delicate and dry—strongly recommended by the highest medical authorities for Gout and Rheumatism. Thousands of Testimonials.

"Whiteway's Cyder" can be obtained "sparkling" and "still," "sweet" and "dry," in bottle and cask, from the chief Stores, Wine Merchants Licensed Grocers, and at the best Hotels and Restaurants.

Write to-day for interesting book, "Links with the Past," which traces the history of Cyder-drinking down to the present day, contains full price list, and includes recipes for making delicious Cyder Cup.

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Albert Embankment, S.W.

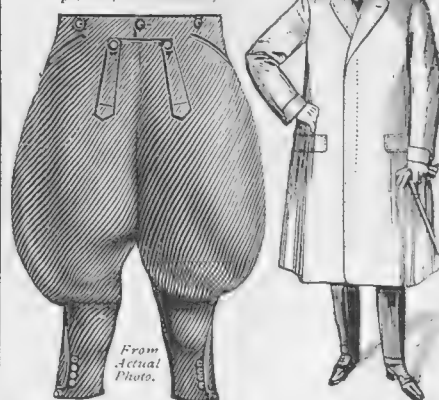


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ONLY MAKER OF "HALLZONE" IDEAL "Gold Medal"  
**21/- RIDING BREECHES**  
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 2 & 3 gns.)

Best Fitting & Value  
Breeches made.  
In Riding & Bedford Cords,  
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Famous "HALLZONE"  
GARBETTE (Thorn, Rain-  
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Overcoats & Suits fr. 63/- (as sold elsewhere fr. 4 & 6 gns.).  
We specialise on the cut of Dress, Morning, and Hunt Suits.  
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form  
**PATTERNS POST FREE.**  
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SMOKE  
**"Nestor"**  
The TRUE EGYPTIAN  
CIGARETTES.  
Made in Cairo by Nestor Gianacis  
In Two Qualities—Extrafine & Surfine  
Now obtainable in new pocket packings—  
5's, 10's and 20's.  
Egypt's Product—  
England's Demand.  
Obtainable everywhere,  
and at 10, New Bond Street, London, W.

"The *only* Cigarette you will *eventually* smoke."

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SUPPLIED  
TO THE  
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"SANDORIDES"  
**Lucana**  
CIGARETTES

AS  
SUPPLIED  
TO THE  
HOUSE  
OF  
COMMONS

Delicious in flavour, of delightful aroma, and harmless on account of their absolute purity. They are rightly acclaimed everywhere as the

"WORLD'S PERFECT CIGARETTES"

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Of all good class Tobacconists and Stores or Post Paid from

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The choice of an aerated beverage for your guests deserves as much care as the selection of the wines.

Give them the aristocrat of mineral waters—"C & C" Ginger Ale. Even those who drink wine appreciate the delicate crispness and refinement of flavour which distinguish "C & C."

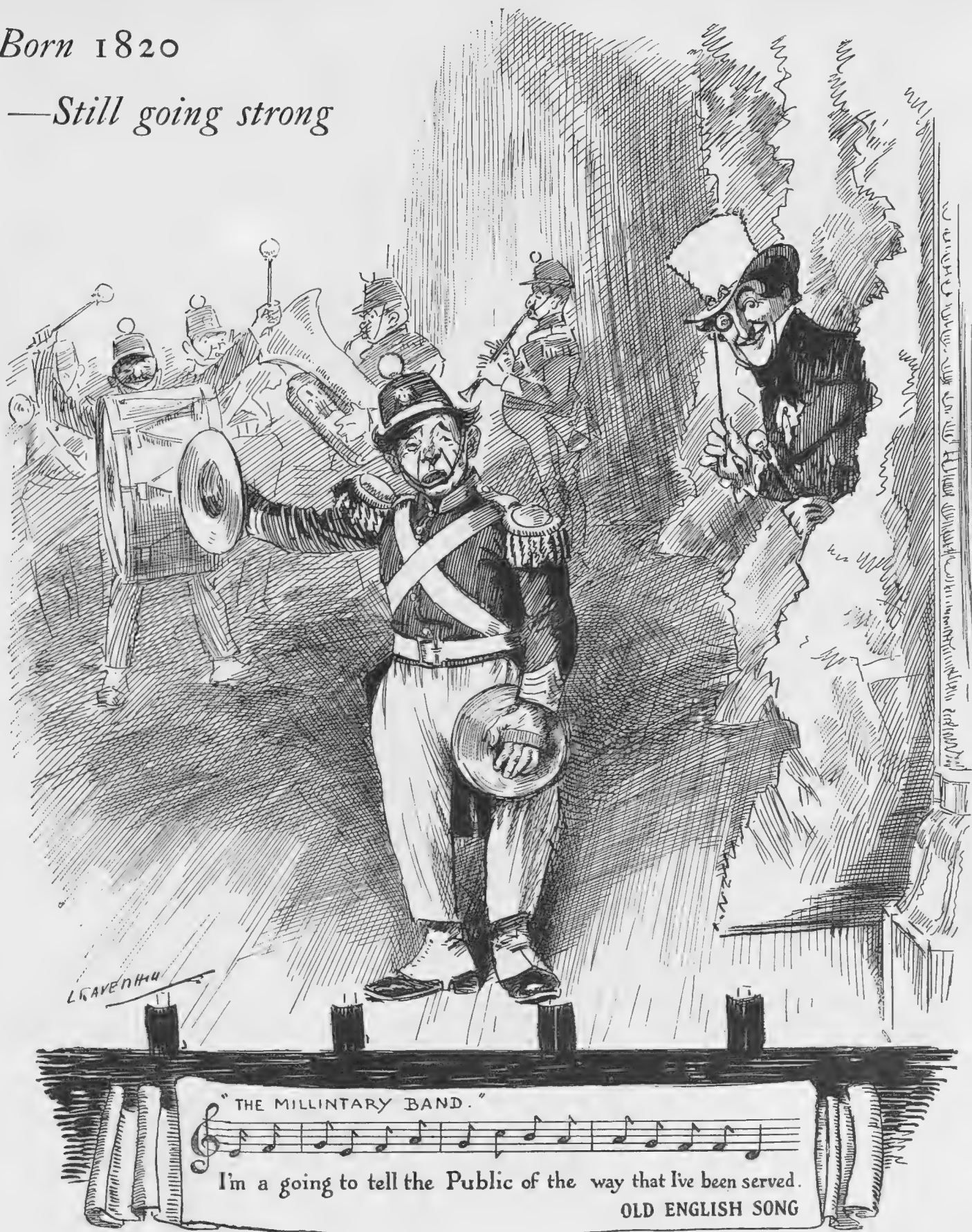
Order it in the restaurant and keep a dozen in your own cellar.

Made by Cantrell & Cochrane, Ltd.,  
Works: Dublin and Belfast. Established 1852. Depots: London, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

**"C & C"**  
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)  
**Ginger Ale**

*Born 1820*

*—Still going strong*



*There is no excuse for any member of the public being badly served. He has only to ask for "Johnnie Walker". Why ask for "whisky" when it is just as easy———and safer———to say "Johnnie Walker" ?*

*"White Label" is 6 years old. "Red Label" is 10 years old. "Black Label" is 12 years old.*

*To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.*

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.

# MICHELIN

## Standard Rims Unanimously Adopted.



*"Standardisation is admitted to be the life-blood of correct and economical production to-day, so that with motor-tyre rims it would have been thought that rims of the same named sizes were of the same dimensions all the world over. But that has been, nay, is at this moment, very far from being the case, for although the majority of tyre makers claimed to have originally followed the dimensions of one firm, subsequent examinations and comparisons show that the variations from such alleged standards have been many, various and peculiar."*

—The Autocar, 12/7/13.

Many of us have read the article from which the above is a quotation, together with others also dealing with the standardisation of rim sizes and dimensions; and we have all approved the enthusiasm inspired by the results which will accrue from the universal adoption of these standards.

The matter is particularly pleasing to me in that the "one firm" referred to above is, of course, Michelin. To the long list of Michelin "firsts" this work of fixing standard rim sizes and dimensions must in justice be added.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has adopted the sizes of the original Michelin standard rim series. In fact, we sent our actual blue prints to the Society for reference.

Therefore, car manufacturers should fit Michelin rims, manufactured by Michelin, and motorists should make quite certain that the rims they purchase are Michelin rims.—BIBENDUM.

THE MICHELIN TYRE CO., LTD., 81, FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

# MAPPIN & WEBB LTD.

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths.



The Portland,  
£25

## The Portland Plate Cabinet.

Made of polished mahogany and fitted with the famous Ivory handle "Trustworthy" cutlery, and "Mappin" Plate Spoons and Forks—the Table Cabinet illustrated is another example of the exceptional value and choice obtaining at the Company's establishment.

The Cabinet is completely fitted for twelve people, and its utility and convenience immediately commend it.

### CONTENTS.

24 Table Knives	12 Coffee Spoons
12 Cheese Knives	6 Egg Spoons
2 Pairs Carvers	1 Pickle Fork
1 Steel	1 Butter Knife
24 Table Forks	1 Chutney Spoon
6 Table Spoons	1 Soup Ladle
12 Dessert Spoons	1 Pair Aft. Tongs
12 Dessert Forks	1 Pair Large Tongs
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A Catalogue of Canteens,  
Cabinets, & Cutlery Posted Free.

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### "I am Safe Anywhere."

"My employers trust me in any position! They can rely upon me not to 'spoil the show.' For I am Onoto... the safety pen that is really safe."

You can carry the Onoto upside down in your pocket for a month, it will not leak, for a simple device seals the ink reservoir.

When empty the Onoto fills itself instantly—without mess or bother—from any ink supply.

**GUARANTEE.**—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a lifetime; but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right free of cost.

# Onoto

the 'hit' among pens

Price 10/6 and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOS. DE LA RUE & Co., Ltd., 101, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK  
—Best for all pens.

"Palmer Tyres obviously stand in a class by themselves."  
—Daily Mail, May 13, 1913.

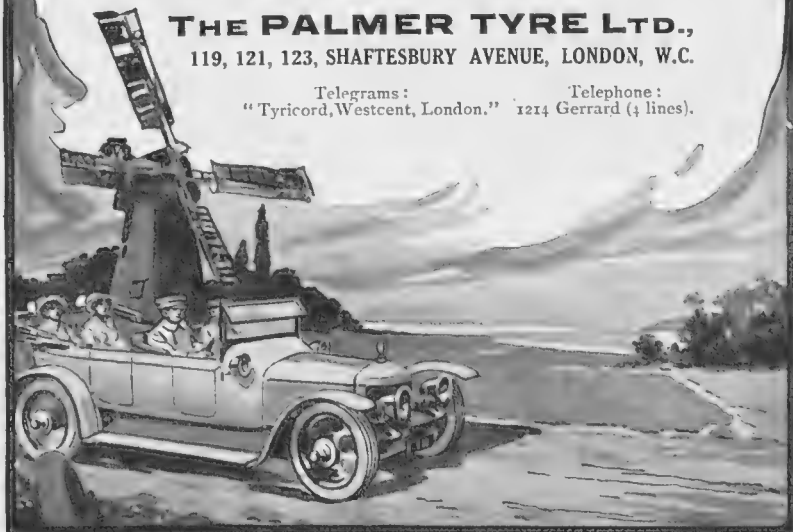
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fitted to your car will give you greater speed comfort and safety, together with a reduced petrol consumption.

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## CARTRIDGES

The choice of the well-equipped sportsman.

### ELEY 'ACHILLES'

A 12-bore Cartridge for which there is a large demand. A 5/16 in. deep shell, dark blue, gastight cartridge, loaded with Eley (53-gr.) Smokeless Powder and 1 1/16 oz. of Shot.

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Other Eley Cartridges recommended, like the "Achilles," for their absolute reliability under all conditions of shooting, are

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"COMET"

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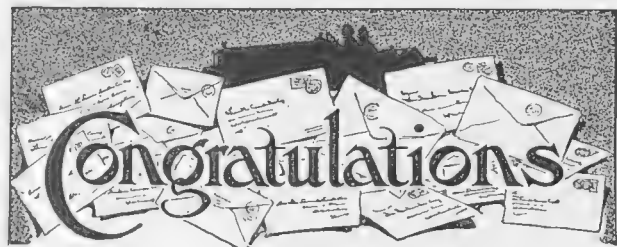




Hall Bunker, St. Andrews.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham;  
and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.  
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.  
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

Two champions for  
long distance driving:—  
**DUNLOP TYRES**  
AND "V" GOLF BALLS.



from Press and Public have been  
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# SUNBEAM

for its performance in the Grand Prix.

"The Royal Automobile Club Journal" says:

"We congratulate the Sunbeam Company most heartily on the plucky fight put up by their representatives in the Grand Prix race for cars. . . . To have got their cars home third and sixth in a field of twenty, composed of many of the best-known machines in the world, was no small achievement. The Sunbeam Company are to be congratulated on having worthily upheld the reputation of British-built motor-cars."

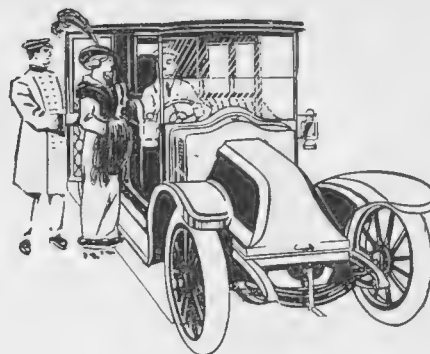
Average speed of winning car with 25% larger engine  
72.2 MILES PER HOUR.

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70.3 MILES PER HOUR.

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There are many reasons why so great a number of our most notable people favour the Charron. Beauty of design—silent running—flexibility of control—plentiful power—economy as regards petrol and tyres:—all these are good reasons. And there is in addition the Charron *character*—a sort of motor-*personality* that wins the connoisseur. The Charron Catalogue will interest you.

15 h.p. Chassis £315. Trial runs by appointment.  
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# Charron



# Meltonian Boot Polishing Outfit

*A marvel of Convenience and Compactness.*

This New Meltonian "Compact" Outfit includes a large tube of Meltonian Cream (Black) or Lutetian Cream (Brown), an excellent brush, and a most convenient and effective pad. The construction is ingenuity itself, and the whole outfit is a space saver beyond anything previously devised. The "Compact" is made in

handsome metal, most attractively finished. Price 2/- everywhere.

## For the Holidays!

There's also a 1/- Meltonian Outfit, extremely useful for packing in small compass, comprising large tube of Meltonian Cream and good polishing cloth, in cardboard case.

As the "Compact" Outfit has just been placed upon the market, readers who have any difficulty in obtaining should write to E. Brown & Son for name of nearest retailer.

**Meltonian Cream** (Black or White).—Sinks in, softens the leather, prevents cracking, A perfect polish for Glace Kid, Box Calf, etc.

**Lutetian Cream** (Light or Dark).—Best for all kinds of fine Brown leathers. Brings up the full rich grain, sinks in, keeps leather supple.

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., Garrick St., London.



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## TURKISH CIGARETTES

HIGH-GRADE

Size 1 — 2/- for 25

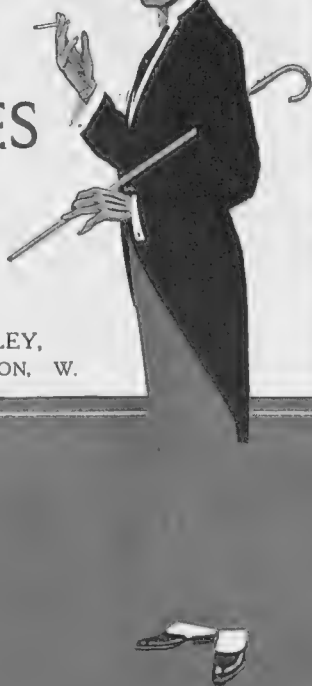
Size 3 — 1/6 for 25

Of all High-class Tobacconists.

West End Depot:

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# BURBERRY

## Weatherproof Shooting Kit

**INSURES IMMUNITY** from the discomforts and risks to health of bad weather, and increases enjoyment of the moors by its luxurious lightweight and perfect freedom.

**BURBERRYS'** processes of weaving and proofing combine to produce materials of marked distinction, which supply an effective, yet hygienic, safeguard against rain, mist or chill.

**AIRYLIGHT** and self-ventilating, Burberry is delightfully cool during strenuous exercise or hot weather, yet owing to density of weave, provides an inexhaustible reserve of warmth whenever wanted.

When buying Burberry see that—  
The label says "Burberry."  
The bill says "Burberry."



## Farleigh Burberry

A bold and workmanlike model, greatly in favour with many well-known game-shots by reason of its freedom and practical design.



## The Burberry

The ONE overcoat in which it is possible to shoot without loss of "form" or temper. Efficient against wind or rain, featherweight, naturally ventilating and easy-fitting.

SPORTSMEN GOING NORTH should write for a copy of

## "Burberry for Men"

An encyclopædia of equipment for all open-air sports and pursuits. Illustrated with drawings of workmanlike models, patterns of Burberry materials, prices and self-measurement form. POST FREE ON REQUEST.



## Burberry Suit

The Sportsman's ideal outfit, unapproachable for freedom, balance and comfort. Pivot Sleeves allow the liberty essential to quick and accurate shooting.

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# STOP PULLING OUT HAIR

**I Will Permanently and Painlessly Remove Your Superfluous Hair by My Harmless Secret Method.**

**I** WAS deeply humiliated by a growth of superfluous hair on my face, neck, and arms, which seemed to steadily increase, and become more hideous as I grew older. I tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all it was for a short time only, and the

the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered they tried the same method on

their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me that in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment, and gave it the highest endorsement. Madame M. Suchard, Chevaigneparr-Javron, Mavenne, used this method some time ago and now says: "Your treatment is marvellous, because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white without a shade of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I will gladly send further particulars under plain, sealed envelope, absolutely free, to any lady afflicted with superfluous hair on her face, neck, arms or body, but the demands on my time are so great that this offer is limited to ten days only. Simply address: Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 459Y), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., enclosing a penny stamp for postage, and you will receive this valuable information by return of post.



*Stop pulling out hair. It hurts terribly, and two new hairs will grow for every one you pull.*

hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I then resorted to pulling the hairs out by the roots, only to find that several new hairs appeared for every one I pulled. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair, and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I learned by chance of a plan by which the ladies of ancient Rome had rid themselves for ever of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a means entirely different from anything I had ever before seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all of my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft, and white, and, as the months slipped by and not the slightest trace of



*Ladies Homespuns direct from Scotland.*

## Frazers' "Light-weight" Real Scotch Homespuns

Have been a wonderful success.

*These special Homespuns were inaugurated last Season. Their extreme lightness in weight at once commended them to many ladies who had found ordinary homespuns too heavy to wear with comfort.*

Without losing in any degree the "vigour" and quality of the rough Harris, these Frazer Cloths are immeasurably lighter, with a more refined and finished appearance. All the beautiful colourings obtained from the natural dyes are included.

Frazer's "Light-weight" Scotch Homespuns are entirely exclusive and are only to be obtained direct from Scotland.

"Atholl" Homespun; a material of beautiful texture, elegant and refined in appearance and very light in weight. It is made in many exclusive designs and colourings, 54 inches wide—8/6 yard.

"Antler" Tweed; for those who prefer a rough tweed. Made by modern methods that give refinement and reduce weight; in 100 colourings, 54 inches wide—5/6 yard.

**4½ YARDS MAKE A COSTUME.**

ANY LENGTH CUT.

Carriage Paid. Patterns post free.

JERSEYS, CAPS, SCARVES AND HOSE TO MATCH ALL TWEEDS.

*A charming design for a serviceable coat and skirt in the latest style which can be made up by your own tailor. Charming soft Brown mixtures lightly checked with mist blue, also in Green, Grey & Purple mixtures*

**FRAZER & SONS, 6, Scotch Warehouse, PERTH.**

*(Established three-quarters of a century.)*



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The simplest and most successful beauty treatment is the regular morning-and-evening use of POND'S Vanishing Cream.

Make it your golden rule if you wish to preserve the youthful bloom of your complexion and to keep your arms, hands, neck and shoulders smooth and fair. POND'S Vanishing Cream is always preferred by those who have once had experience of its exquisite daintiness and unvaryingly successful effect. No other toilet cream can ever take its place. It is quite free from greasiness and does not promote the growth of hair on the face or arms. There is absolutely nothing to stain or soil the most delicate fabric.

### POND'S VANISHING CREAM

is particularly useful to ladies travelling: see that your travelling bag is supplied with it.

It saves the skin from sunburn, tan, and the effect of cold winds, dust, etc., and in addition gives that indescribable feeling of personal daintiness which ladies like.

REFUSE ALL IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

Insist on the genuine POND'S Vanishing Cream—the manufacturers of which have enjoyed 70 years' world-wide reputation.

Sample Tube post free on receipt of 1d. stamp.

All first-class Chemists and Stores sell the genuine POND'S Vanishing Cream in 1/- Collapsible Tubes and 1/- and 2/- Handsome Opal Jars.

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and that so great an authority on mechanics as Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., President of the British Association, has adopted the Oliver as the one which best suits his purposes.

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*Booklet 989 gives particulars.*

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Made from the world-famous Wilkinson Sword Steel—hardened and tempered by a special process. American and other razors soon lose their edge, require a lot of stropping, or have to be thrown away. It's all in the steel—the first consideration in a razor, and the Wilkinson is the only razor made from "Sword Steel." See that every blade bears the word "Wilkinson"—none genuine without—made in three patterns:—

**Wilkinson Razors,**  
6/6, 5/6 and 3/6 each. Favoured by barbers and others.

**Wilkinson's Pall Mall Strong Beard Safety,**  
10/6. New Patent. Many safety razors now being sold are useless for strong beards.

**Wilkinson Safety Shaver**  
(Wafer Blade) in case complete, with 12 double-edged blades, 21/- Simple, efficient.

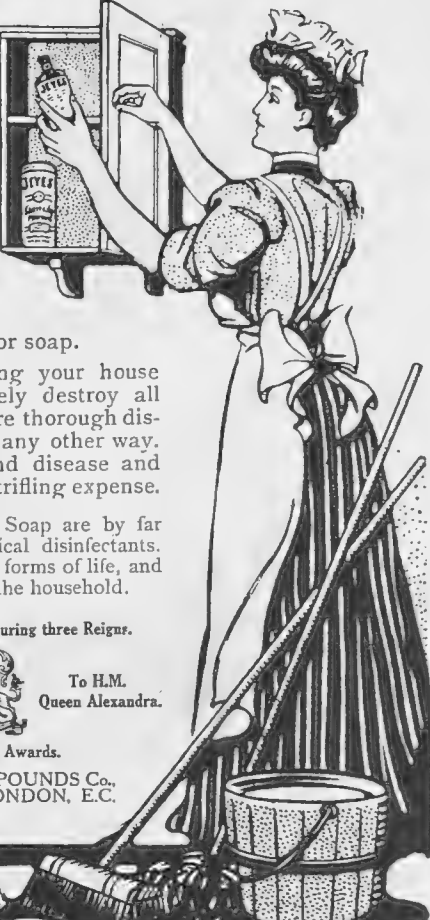
"Wilkinson" Razors have keen edges that last longer than any other blades on the market. Sold at all Stores, Cutlers, Hairdressers, etc. Insist on having a Wilkinson and your razor troubles will be over. Send for list free.

**The Wilkinson Sword Co.,**  
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are as necessary a part of your household equipment as broom, brush, pail or soap.

Used daily when cleaning your house Jeyes' Fluids will completely destroy all disease germs, ensuring more thorough disinfection than is possible in any other way. They ward off sickness and disease and keep your home healthy at a trifling expense.

Jeyes' Fluids, Powder, and Soap are by far the most efficient and economical disinfectants. They are harmless to the higher forms of life, and may therefore be used freely in the household.

By Royal Warrants of Appointment during three Reigns.

To H.M. King George V.  To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

146 Gold Medals and other Awards.

**JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS Co., LTD.,** 64, Cannon Street, LONDON, E.C.



Captain Tweenie knows how to live

A "small-bottle-of-the-best" and a thoroughbred cigar, no matter if it's a little one—that's real joy

Tweenies are shillin' cigars in 1½d size—big in flavour, big in aroma, small in price.

You can get them everywhere

1½d each **Martins** 8 for 1/-  
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Don't continue to suffer from  
**ANAEMIA, WEAKNESS, NERVES, RUN-DOWN**

Get your share of the sunshine of life. Commence to-day to take Wincarnis and it will give you *new health, new vigour, new vitality and new life.* Over 10,000 Doctors recommend it. You can obtain



from all Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers. To-day is the best day to buy a bottle. Will you? Or you can take advantage of our offer and **BEGIN TO GET WELL FREE!** Send for a liberal free trial bottle. Enclose three penny stamps (for postage), Coleman & Co., Ltd., W 137, Wincarnis Works Norwich.

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Why Suffer from Chills and Neuralgia?  
A perfectly designed and undetectable covering or Toupé, exactly representing the hair as it should be, is the natural remedy.  
Call and see for yourself, and judge of the remarkable improvement.

Country Gentlemen write for further particulars.  
**Booklet Post Free.**  
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APRIL 26th—NOV. 15th, 1913.

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YOU need a

**"UNIVERSAL"**  
**SAFETY RAZOR**

which severs each hair cleanly, without scraping or irritating the face.

PRICE 10/6

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inches LESS  
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It fits the figure so snugly,  
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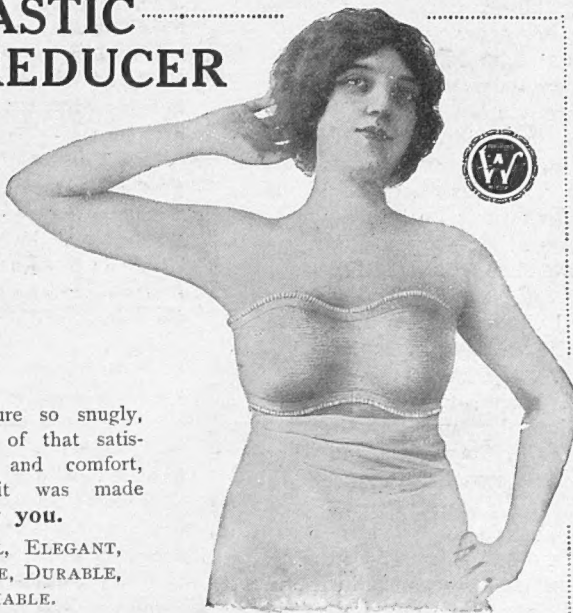
No. 702	Medium, 5 sizes, for Bust Measures 32 to 44	8/11
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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

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is bottled at the spring in the Vosges. Its use means freedom from rheumatism, gout, kidney and liver troubles. Over 11,000,000 bottles sold yearly. Of all hotels, chemists and stores.

## NOTES FROM THE MOORS.

IT is customary to envy the fortunate minority who can leave town just now for the moorlands, and there, amid the many comforts that modern care provides, pursue the artful and attractive grouse. As far as the enjoyment of a moorland holiday is concerned, there can be no two opinions. The most bracing air in these islands seems to rest above the heather-tops, the most charming scenery to range itself round the edge of the moor or hill, the truth being that we go to the heather country when it is at its very best, when the bloom is about to add its delightful colour-note to the landscape, when the weather may be warm even if it be not fine. Those of us who know the moorlands between the beginning of November and the end of April have no illusions. We understand that the heather country can not only assume a most forbidding aspect, but can maintain it for months on end. Happily, heather weather and grouse should be at their best in August, so the holiday-maker looks forward to a good time—a particularly good time if he be the guest of some host who has an attractive moor or owns part of a good river.

"Never the time and the place and the loved one all together." You may rely upon the heather, but the weather in Scotland has a nasty habit of sulking round about Aug. 12—I have known it remain out of temper for six weeks on end. Then, too, the grouse are tricky, and so are the microbes with long but uninteresting names that love to dwell in the intestinal tract of the grouse and develop disease in it. This year the heather and weather prospects leave little or nothing to be desired, but the grouse are said to be living—or dying—down to their worst reputation. In spite of the elaborate work and well-followed recommendations of the Grouse Commission, the moors have done badly. Old heather has been burnt in the most approved fashion, wet moors have been drained, sheep "gaits" have been regulated, but the grouse have sulked and failed and died in

such large numbers that good sport is only looked for in widely scattered areas. Perthshire, indeed, one of the best sporting counties in Great Britain, is said to have one of the worst prospects on record. For the tenant—who, in order to secure his shooting, is often forced to judge the prospects of one year by the results of its predecessor—the case is serious. Moor rentals have risen until at last a basis of £1 per brace is not uncommon. Unfortunately, the payment is based upon the average bag, and if half the dismal prophecies prove true, many a tenant will find his birds costing him five pounds a brace or more; while those who own the moors they shoot over, or have a long lease of them, may judge it better to give the land a rest, just as landowners and tenants in the South gave their partridges a holiday only a few seasons ago, in order to make up for the ravage and loss of one very bad season.

Undoubtedly, the year 1913 is not going to be a good one in grouseland; but will it be as bad as reports suggest? Every man with a long memory will recall years in which the worst possible forebodings have introduced a season that was quite tolerable. There is nothing more cautious than a gamekeeper, and if he be a Scot as well as a gamekeeper, his caution is simply past expression in words. When it becomes necessary to add prophesy to game-preservation, he is a male Cassandra. He knows that if he says sport will be fair and it turns out poor, he will be blamed; while if he says it must be poor, and it should prove to be fair, he will add credit to the more substantial perquisites of his office. In view of the general belief that grouse are going to be good for nothing, there can be few disappointments; but it is quite safe to say there will be pleasant surprises in store for many. Even the experienced keeper cannot gauge the full extent of his resources until shooting begins. He may note the lack of birds in certain places generally favoured, but the population of the moor is a shifting one in bad seasons; it moves at the bidding of the weather. In all probability, inclement weather is the real cause of disease in birds. B.

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The MARK I. is the pattern which has been adopted for use in the Army. All the models which are fitted with eyepiece focussing are hermetically sealed, and consequently withstand exposure to all kinds of climates and weather conditions.

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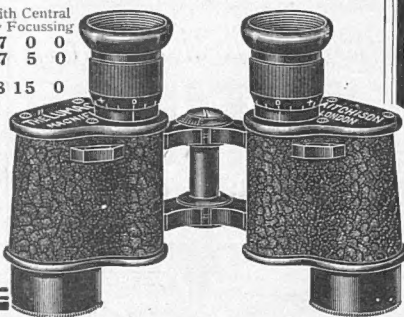
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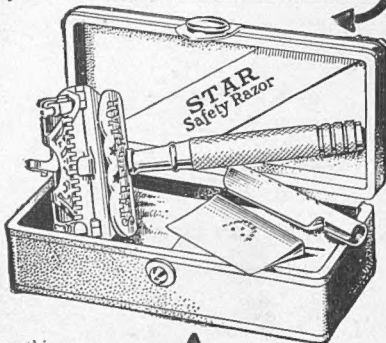
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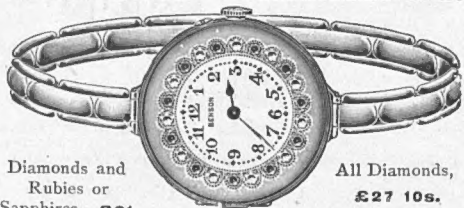
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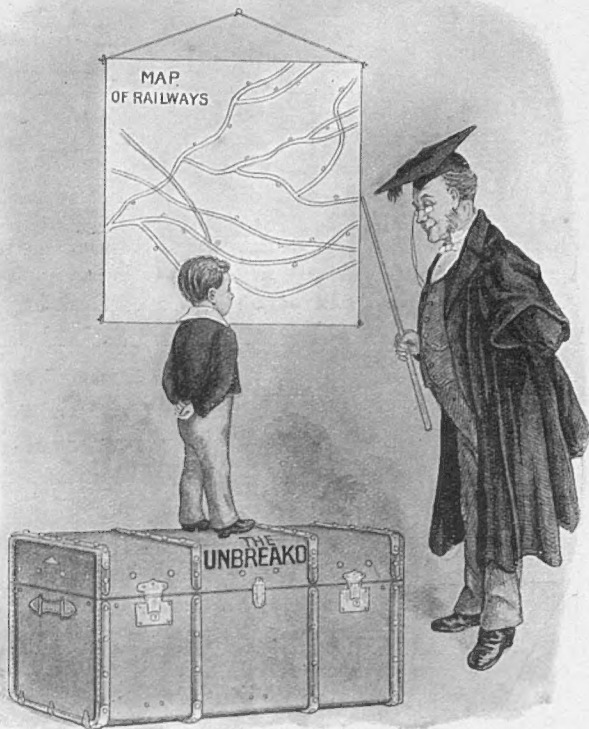
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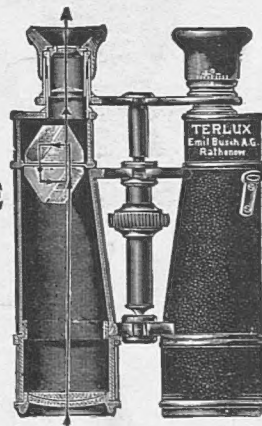
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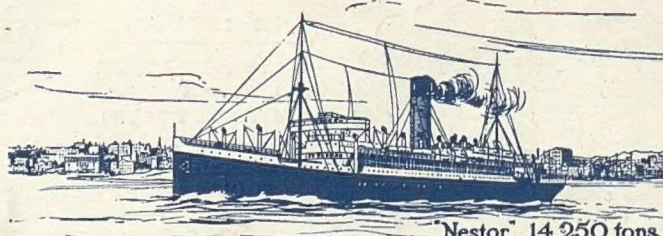
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